

FEB 21 1947

HF
5001
I623



Paul P. Harris
Founder of
Rotary International
1868-1947



The **Rotarian**

March
1947



"It's a smart company that emphasizes the human factor," says S. H. Lynch, Manager of the Sales Department Office for Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Minneapolis, Minn. "Take our case, for example. More than 60 people work in this one office. It could have created a serious noise-and-work handicap. But the company anticipated the problem and installed Acousti-Celotex. The Quiet Comfort we're enjoying is paying daily dividends in better work and better morale. I call that intelligent, profitable human engineering!"

Men at work... *more Productively* —thanks to Quiet Comfort

YES, sound conditioning rates high on the list of things necessary for more productive workers and better employee relations.

Because "Noise has been responsible for impaired hearing, fatigue, neuroses, increased blood pressure and decreased working and mental efficiencies," reports the *Manual of Industrial Hygiene*.

Be sure that noise does not impede the efficiency and comfort of your workers. Consult your local Acousti-Celotex distributor now. He's a Celotex-trained technician and a member of the world's only organization with the combined experience of more than 100,000

acoustical installations of all kinds.

And he features Acousti-Celotex cane-fibre tile—used to sound condition more offices, factories, churches, schools, banks, theaters and hospitals than any other acoustical material.

Consult him with confidence, too. His advice is yours without obligation. A note to us will bring him to your desk.

FREE! "25 Answers to Questions on Sound Conditioning." A quick, easy, amazingly complete education on the facts of sound conditioning. Free for the asking. Write: The Celotex Corporation, Dept. R-347, Chicago 3, Illinois.



Sound Conditioning with
ACOUSTI-CELOTEX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

** Perforated Fibre Tile* SINCE 1923

Sold by Acousti-Celotex Distributors Everywhere • In Canada: Dominion Sound Equipments, Ltd.

A PRODUCT OF THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS



Talking It Over

Comment on ROTARIAN articles
from readers of THE ROTARIAN

Freight Rates in Error

Holds ROBERT S. HENRY
Assistant to the President
Association of American Railroads
Washington, D. C.

The statements about railroad freight costs and rates in the debate article by Lieutenant Colonel J. L. Dansereau [Build the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway, January ROTARIAN] are so fantastically in error that they should not be allowed to go uncorrected.

Colonel Dansereau says that the existing freight rate is "7 cents a ton-mile by rail." The fact is that the average charge for carrying all sorts of freight by rail for some years has been less than one cent per ton per mile, while the average charge for hauling the type of freight discussed for the 1,000-mile distance to which he refers is probably not more than half that figure.

Colonel Dansereau says, "... ore, coal, grain, heavy machinery, and steel cannot be transported economically by rail. In fact, rates on such products do not defray actual costs, obliging the railroads to charge more for other goods or, in some cases, to collect Government subsidies." The fact is that those railroads which specialize largely in the hauling of coal and iron ore are, generally speaking, among the most prosperous and successful in the United States. The reason, of course, is that these types of traffic lend themselves to mass handling by rail at low cost.

The reference to Government subsidies is also in error. Railroads are truly self-supporting. They cover all their costs out of the rates they charge and, in addition, pay genuine taxes which go to help support the general services of Government such as public education, public health, public services of all sorts, including Government contributions to subsidize waterways.

Colonel Dansereau's most astonishing conclusion, however, is that the waterway won't cost anybody anything because "All the money used to build and maintain it will come from taxes" which will be "much less than the railroad freight charges we are now paying."



"HERE, it's for you!"

Even if it were true that the total cost of transportation by the canal would be less than by present means, that would be no justification for transferring the major part of that cost from those who might use the canal to the general body of taxpayers, as is proposed.

Actually, however, the proposed canal would not lower the total cost of transportation. The waterway built at such great cost would be frozen and out of service for some five months of each year, so that the taxpayers' contribution would be used to create only a part-time facility which could not take the place of railroads, but which would take away from them traffic which they could carry at lower real costs than if moved on the subsidized canal. In short, the proposed waterway not only would increase taxes, but would also add to the actual economic cost of getting our necessary transportation service done.

Re: Rail and Canal Rates

By J. F. DOOLAN, Rotarian
Assistant to Trustees
New York, New Haven & Hartford
Railroad Company
Boston, Massachusetts

In THE ROTARIAN for January, Lieutenant Colonel J. L. Dansereau states, "The rate is 2.03 cents a ton-mile in existing canals, 7 cents a ton-mile by rail." He must have known that 7 cents a ton-mile by rail would have been a ridiculous figure, for the movement of 50 tons of freight for a distance of 1,000 miles at 7 cents a ton-mile would result in a freight charge of \$3,500.

President R. V. Fletcher, of the Association of American Railroads, recently stated, "The average revenue for hauling a ton of freight one mile (rail) has amounted to less than one cent in every year since 1932, when it was 1.046 cents. In 1946 the average was .975 cent."

Rates quoted for inland waterways are not based on true economics. For 1942 on the New York State Barge Canal, the public aid per ton-mile was 1.47 cents.

Footnoting Seaway Debate

By S. R. WILLIAMS, Rotarian
Professor of Physics
Amherst College
Amherst, Massachusetts

The debate on building the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway [THE ROTARIAN for January] is I think a timely one.

Colonel J. L. Dansereau's article is packed full of definite numerical facts which give us a clear picture of what is wanted in the way of inland waterway transportation. I wish Chester C. Thompson had filled his article with more factual material and with fewer statements of opinion. If such a seaway

Keep Prospects
Reminded with

Autopoint

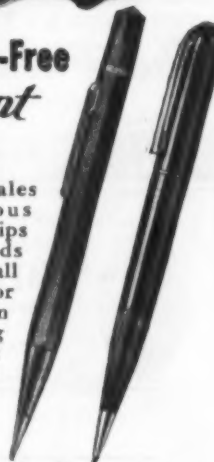
Business Gifts



Give Trouble-Free

Autopoint
Pencils

They're proved sales boosters. Famous "GRIP-TITE" tips that won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out. Your name or slogan imprinted on these better-writing pencils are constant reminders, good will builders. Wide range of models and prices.



Give **Autopoint** Memo Cases



Another popular "Autopoint" imprinted number. Comes in 2 sizes—filled with 200 writing sheets 4" x 6", or 3" x 5". Molded of plastic in black or walnut. Your name on the front will be a constant reminder. Mail coupon for details.

Autopoint
BETTER PENCILS

Fit any Pocket... Every Pocketbook

Autopoint Company, Dept. R-3, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.

Autopoint Company
Dept. R-3, 1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Illinois
Please send me details and prices on "Autopoint"
Imprinted Business Gifts. ☐ Have salesman call.

Name.....
Company Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

ROTARIAN HEADQUARTERS IN CANADA ARE CARDY HOTELS

MONTREAL, Que. Mount Royal Hotel
Rotary meets Tuesday
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada General Brock
Rotary meets Tuesday
HAMILTON, Ont. Royal Connaught
Rotary meets Thursday
WINDSOR, Ont. Prince Edward
Rotary meets Monday
ST. CATHARINES, Ont. Hotel Leonard
Rotary meets Thursday
VERNON G. CARDY, President
H. ALEXANDER McLENNAN, General Manager

MEXICO

ACAPULCO, GRO.—HOTEL EL MIRADOR. All-year paradise. Good service & good food. Carlos Barnard, Owner-Mgr. Rates: Am. \$6.50-\$9.50 U.S. cy. RM Friday, 8:30 p.m.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. Ira Patton, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.75 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

ARIZONA

TUCSON—PIONEER HOTEL. New, modern, 250 outside rooms. J. M. Proctor, Manager. Rates: Summer, \$3-\$10; Winter, \$5-\$15. RM Wednesday, 12:15.

CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.75. Excellent cuisine.

700 ROOMS • RATES FROM \$5

The Palace Hotel
San Francisco

EDMOND A. RIEDER, General Manager

ROTARY MEETS TUESDAY AT 12:15
ROTARY CLUB OFFICES, THIRD FLOOR

In San Francisco...



**HOTEL
WHITCOMB**

MARKET STREET at 8th
500 Rooms from \$3
KARL C. WEBER
President and General Manager

FLORIDA

MIAMI—ALHAMBRA HOTEL. 119 S. E. 2nd St. Modern high class family hotel catering to refined clientele. 3 blocks from down town. W. Earle Spencer, Manager.



**SUNRAY PARK
HEALTH RESORT
HOTEL-SANITARIUM**
FOR REST, CONVALESCENCE
AND CHRONIC CASES
WRITE FOR BOOKLET
125 S.W. 30th COURT
MIAMI-FLORIDA
PHONE 41858



THE COLUMBUS
MIAMI'S FINEST
FRONT HOTEL
HEART OF MIAMI • OPEN ALL YEAR

MIAMI BEACH—MACFADDEN-DEAUVILLE. Directly on the ocean. Florida's Most Complete Year-round Resort Hotel. Chas. Club, Restaurant, Lounge. W. C. Freeman, Mgr.

HOTEL HILLSBORO

TAMPA, FLORIDA

300 Spacious Rooms
Standard Year 'Round Rates
From
\$2.50 Single—\$5.00 Double
S. W. LILLIOTT, Manager
Rotary Meets Tuesdays 12:15

GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. A. J. Crocy, Manager. Rates: Eu. \$2.75 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

SAVANNAH—HOTEL DE SOTO. 303 rooms with bath and shower. South's most outstanding hotel. Reasonable rates. Chas. G. Day, GM. Dancing. Swimming Pool. RM Mon. 1:00.

ILLINOIS

AMERICA'S DISTINCTIVE HOTEL
1000 OUTSIDE ROOMS
RECREATION GROUNDS
OUTDOOR DANCING
BATHING BEACH
W. M. Doway, Pres. P. J. Weber, Res. Mgr.

EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL
ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE MICHIGAN
Chicago

**HOTEL SHERMAN
CHICAGO**

HEADQUARTERS—ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO

for over twenty-five years

Luncheon on Tuesday, 12:15

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up. RM Wed., 12:15.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS—HOTEL NICOLLET. 600 rooms with bath; 3 air-conditioned restaurants; 3 blocks from either depot. Neil H. Messick, General Manager. RM Friday, 12:15.

MISSOURI



NEW YORK

Overlooking NEW YORK'S Only Private Park



NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—O. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction: Dinkler Hotels. Leon Womble, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.75 up. RM Mon., 1:00.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest, 1000 rooms—1000 baths. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—HOTEL PEABODY. "The South's Finest—One of America's Best." 625 rooms with bath, downtown location, air-conditioned. RM Tues., 12:15.

ROTARIANS TRAVEL

They stop at good hotels . . . This directory is their guide . . . Is your hotel represented? Rates are reasonable.

will not benefit American agriculture, let us have the facts and figures on what it costs to transport grain by rail as over against transportation by water. How far did Mr. Thompson's investigations go in backing up his statement that legitimate vessel operators will not use the St. Lawrence Seaway?

It seems to me that most of the statements in the "No" side of this discussion could be criticized for a lack of factual backing.

Why Subsidize Seaway?

Asks STEPHEN G. RICH, Rotarian

Catalog Publisher

Verona, New Jersey

Lieutenant Colonel Dansereau's article in advocacy of the St. Lawrence Seaway [debate-of-the-month, THE ROTARIAN for January] gives away a point of primary significance, and overlooks the bearing of that point.

He says that Great Lakes shippers could save 80 million dollars annually by means of this proposed Seaway.

This being the case, there is no need for putting any public money, Canadian or United States, into the plan. A saving of half this sum annually would of itself be a wonderful boon to those shippers. The other 40 million dollars would be interest and rapid amortization on the presumed cost of about 500 million dollars.

If the interests that stand to benefit most and most directly by this proposed Seaway really mean what they say, they need only form a corporation with their own money and build the Seaway as a private venture. The figures brought forward by both its advocates and its opponents show that it would be a paying business venture.

Instead of yelling for public money to subsidize their business advantage, the proponents and beneficiaries might show their real faith in private enterprise and individual initiative by floating such a company and constructing the Seaway as a business venture. The bonds issued by such a concern would be among the most desirable of all investments; there should be no difficulty in raising the money.

Douglas' Emphasis Approved

By ARTHUR B. DALE, Rotarian
Writer

Shelby, Michigan

I hope we can have more such guest editorials as that of Lloyd C. Douglas in the January issue [An Inventory of Faith]. In these days of reaction from the high purpose and morale of the war, it is most inspiring to reach above the welter of materialism, sordid personal ambition, and political trickery to the abiding realities of all time. Dr. Douglas has enabled us to do this and as always with his unique and practical reasoning that has a tremendous appeal to puzzled readers.

His emphasis on the supreme necessity of faith is as badly needed today as ever before and must be applied to at least four objectives, viz: the righteousness of our cause, ourselves, the man next to us, and finally the purpose of God for us and His willingness and

power. To the degree in which this variety of faith is exercised by us individually and collectively we can count upon a success that will not fail and will eventually cover the world in spite of any opposition that may arise.

Club Program Suggestion

From HERMANN S. FICKE, Rotarian
Professor of English
University of Dubuque
Dubuque, Iowa

John T. Frederick's admirable list of the choice books of the year [*Speaking of Books*—, THE ROTARIAN for January] may well lead one to note the choice books of a century ago. The year 1847 saw the publication of three of the world's greatest novels: *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Vanity Fair*. In the same year there appeared Dickens' great Christmas story *The Haunted Man*, and Lane's *Translation of the Arabian Nights*. An interesting Rotary program could be built around the theme: "What people read 100 years ago."

Avon Did It Too

Reports P. D. FAHNESTOCK
Director of Media
Committee for Economic Development

New York, New York

Our entire staff read with a great deal of interest Roger Berglund's *It Works at Albert Lea* [THE ROTARIAN for January].

The story as you present it certainly shows the results of careful planning. I know that a number of Rotary Clubs have done similar work in their communities. The Rotary Club of Avon Park, Florida, for example, has worked very closely with the Committee for Economic Development in the promotion of community facilities. The Club is especially noteworthy in that it has invited many young men into the membership and they are taking a very active part in this program.

This Hollander Doesn't Hate

Says W. J. HOPKINS, Rotarian
Vicar
Bath, England

I have noted with keen interest in the *Rotary Reporter* department's month-to-month listing of new or readmitted Rotary Clubs that former Rotary Clubs in The Netherlands are coming back into the Rotary family. This is indeed good news.

A number of friends and I made a visit of friendship recently to The Netherlands, and we were all filled with admiration for the Hollanders. They are a people undaunted by their past experiences and undeterred by their present difficulties. They are facing the future with courage and resolution. The work of reconstruction appeared to have advanced much more rapidly than here at home. Generalizations are frequently misleading, but I think that most of us gained the impression that pride of country took precedence over personal profit.

One day we [Continued on page 58]

"Whe-e-e-ew the New Super Chief!"



Just wait, cowboys, till you ride it!

The new Super Chief, all new from head-end to tail sign, will embody up-to-the-minute rail travel features, providing the utmost comfort in smooth-riding speed.

The schedule will be new, too!

The Super Chief will depart from Chicago and Los Angeles every day.

This fine all-first-class streamliner will be one of a whole fleet of new Santa Fe trains soon to be announced.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Serving the West and Southwest

T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4



Guth

FLUORESCENT

THE LIGHTING MAN'S LIGHTING!

SELECTED BY THE
LIGHTING EXPERTS AT
NEW YORK STATE
ELEC. & GAS CORP.



These men... experts
in good illumination...
know lighting equip-
ment from A to Z!

When it came to select-
ing luminaires for their own offices
and sales rooms, GUTH Fluorescent
got the nod!

Their Commercial Office, pictured
above has 90 to 110 foot candles of
clear, easy-seeing, glareless illumina-
tion. Here work gets done faster
...easier...more accurately!

GUTH Fluorescent Lighting is en-
gineered for every need in offices,
stores, banks, schools, hospitals,
public buildings, etc. Depend on
GUTH for performance, easy
maintenance, and fine
appearance.



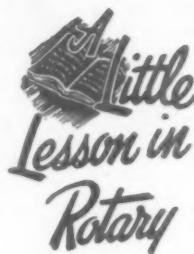
Ask the Lighting Engineers
with your local Light and
Power Company, or ask
your Architect, for helpful
advice on planned
lighting.



THE EDWIN F. GUTH CO.
ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

Leaders in Lighting Since 1902

Club Publications



ROTARY Club publications
are familiar to Rotarians
everywhere—for more than
3,000 Clubs have them.

The publication has a five-
fold purpose:

(1) To circulate meeting
notices to members; (2) to
keep Club members and edi-
tors of local newspapers ad-
vised of news about Rotary;
(3) to increase acquaintance
among members by news items; (4) to
serve as a record of all the Club's ac-
tivities; (5) to inform other Clubs of
the Club's views, activities, etc.

In order to carry out these purposes,
Club publications should include many
or all of the following:

As to programs: Announcement of
program for next regular meeting; brief
sketch of principal speaker; report of
previous meeting.

As to attendance: Weekly attendance
record of the Club and individual mem-
bers; list of visiting Rotarians and other
guests; record of local members' visits
to other Rotary Clubs.

As to Committees: Report of Commit-
tee appointments, activities, and meet-
ings; report of Club Assembly.

As to Board of Directors: Announce-
ment of meetings; report of Board de-
cisions.

As to Club finances: Reminders of
payment of dues; publication of budgets
and financial statements; excerpts from
financial reports of the Rotary District
and Rotary International.

As to members: Brief sketches of new
members; personals about members;
notices of termination of membership
and changes of classification; reports of
illness of members and their families;
items about civic and Rotary activities
of members; publication of roster at
least once a year.

As to the Rotary District: Special
messages from the District Governor
and excerpts from his *Monthly Letter*;
announcement of Governor's official vis-
it; announcement and write-up of inter-
city meetings; news items about Clubs
in the District; announcement of and
report in District Conference and Dis-
trict Assembly.

As to Rotary International: News
items regarding Clubs and individuals
throughout the Rotary world; items
from *News Broadcast*, *THE ROTARIAN*,
and other publications of Rotary; no-
tices of new Clubs admitted into Ro-
tary International; publicity regarding
the international Convention.

NOTE: If you are Club-publication edi-
tor, you can upon request of Rotary
International get a helpful leaflet. *THE
ROTARIAN* issues a monthly Clipseet,
also available on request.

If you want further opportunity to
"read Rotary" in Spanish, you will
find it in *REVISTA ROTARIA*, Rotary's
magazine published in that language.
A one-year subscription in the Amer-
icas is \$1.50.

LAS PUBLICACIONES del
Rotary club son bien cono-
cidas para los rotarios en to-
das partes—más de 3,000
clubes las tienen.

La publicación responde a
cinco propósitos:

(1) Dar noticia de las reu-
niones a los socios; (2) man-
tener informados a los socios
del club y a los directores de
periódicos locales sobre Ro-

tary; (3) fomentar el mutuo conoci-
miento entre los socios mediante noti-
cias; (4) servir como registro de todas
las actividades del club; (5) informar
a otros clubes sobre los puntos de vista,
las actividades, etc., del club.

A fin de cumplir con estos propósi-
tos las publicaciones de club deben com-
prender muchos de los aspectos siguien-
tes, o todos:

Programas: Aviso del programa para
la próxima reunión; breve reseña bio-
gráfica del orador principal; informe
relativo a la última reunión

Asistencia: Registro de asistencia del
club y el individual de los socios; rela-
ción de los visitantes rotarios y otros
invitados; reseña de las visitas hechas
por socios del club a otros Rotary clubs.

Comités: Informe de los nombramien-
tos de comités; informes sobre las ac-
tividades de los mismos; avisos de las
reuniones de los comités y publicación
de las actas; informe de la asamblea del
club.

Junta Directiva: Aviso de sus reu-
niones; informes de los acuerdos to-
mados.

Movimiento de Fondos: Recordato-
rios sobre el pago de las cuotas; publi-
cación de los presupuestos y estados de
cuenta del club; extractos de los esta-
dos de cuenta relativos al distrito y a
Rotary International.

Socios del Club: Breves reseñas bio-
gráficas de los nuevos socios; notas per-
sonales acerca de los socios; avisos
sobre bajas en el club, así como cambios
de clasificaciones; noticias sobre los so-
cios que se hallan enfermos, así como
sus familiares; noticias acerca de las
actividades cívicas y rotarias de los so-
cios; publicación de la lista de socios,
cuando menos una vez al año.

Distrito Rotario: Mensajes especiales
del gobernador y extractos de su carta
mensual; aviso de la visita oficial del
gobernador; avisos de las reuniones in-
terclubes e informes sobre los resulta-
dos de las mismas; noticias acerca de
los clubes del distrito; aviso e informe
de la conferencia y asamblea del dis-
trito.

Rotary International: Noticias rela-
tivas a clubes y rotarios de todo el
mundo rotario; reproducciones de artí-
culos de interés publicados en el bo-
letín de noticias de R. I., *REVISTA RO-
TARIA* y otras publicaciones rotarias;
avisos de los nuevos clubes admitidos en
Rotary International; publicidad rela-
cionada con la convención internacional.

NOTA: Si es usted director del boletín
puede obtener de Rotary International
una hoja de útil información.

March, 1947

Tributes to Paul P. Harris... Richard C. Hedke, T. A. Warren,
Glenn C. Mead, Chesley R. Perry 7

Paul in Pictures..... 10

OUR San Francisco..... Ernest Ingold 14

Nations Are People..... Richard C. Hedke..... 18

This Rotary Month..... 21

What Is 'The Right to Work'? (Debate)

It Is Qualified by Group Rights..... Frank P. Fenton..... 22

It Must Not Involve Coercion..... Ira Mosher 23

The Eclipse of the Haymow..... Arthur Stringer 24

You'll Hear More of UNESCO..... Lester B. Struthers..... 27

Chagrin Valley Ensures Its Future..... F. H. Blumer..... 28

A Breath of the West..... Badger Clark 29

Trailing the First Americans..... Frank C. Hibben..... 31

The Fall and Rise of the Navajo..... George Fitzpatrick 33

Here Is Peace..... 36

Get Acquainted with Africa..... Richard C. Currie..... 38

Flowers for the Road Back..... 43

At Orangeville They Invest in Youth..... 44

Peeps at Things to Come..... Hilton Ira Jones..... 46

Speaking of Books..... John T. Frederick..... 47

Simpático at El Paso..... 49

Unley Tempers the Winds for Its Oldsters..... 57

Other Features and Departments

Talking It Over (letters from readers), 1; Club Publications (No. 44, Little Lessons in Rotary series), 4; Rotary Reporter, 50; This 4-H Farmer Turns the Tables, 52; Scratchpaddings (about Rotarians), 54; Meet Your Directors, 55; The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub, 56; Let a Man Ask, poem by Isabelle Bryans Longfellow, 63; Opinion, 64; I Believe, by J. Kenfield Morley, 65; Hobby Hitching Post, 69; Stripped Gears (wit), 70; Last Page Comment (Editor), 72.

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

Published monthly by Rotary International. President: RICHARD C. HEDKE, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.; Secretary: PHILIP LOVEJOY, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.; Treasurer: RICHARD E. VERNOR, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Magazine Committee Members: STANLEY R. CLAGUE, Chicago, Ill. (Chairman); RILEY W. DOE, Oakland, Calif.; ED. R. JOHNSON, Roanoke, Va.; C. REEVE VANNEMAN, Albany, N. Y.; T. A. WARREN, Bournemouth, England; JORGE M. ZEGARRA, Lima, Peru.

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 the year in U. S., Canada, and other countries to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 elsewhere; single copies, 25c; REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition), the same. As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles on Rotary International. Otherwise, no responsibility is assumed for statements of authors. Any use of fictionalized names that

correspond to names of actual persons is unintentional and is to be regarded as a coincidence. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts. THE ROTARIAN is registered in the United States Patent Office. Contents copyrighted, 1947, by Rotary International. Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1918, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill.; act of March 3, 1879.

Editor: Leland D. Case Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Tesior

Editorial, Business, and General Advertising Office: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A. Cable Address: Interotary, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Other Advertising Offices: Eastern—Frank Flinn, 125 East 46th Street, New York 17, New York; Pacific Coast—Ralph Bidwell, 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California; Southeastern—Sylvan G. Cox, 200 South Miami Avenue, Miami 37, Fla.



NICHOLS and
a white steed.

WE present ARTIST DALE NICHOLS. Born in Nebraska, he won high fame in Chicago, but now lives on a ranch near Tucson, Arizona, where he holds Rotary membership. BADGER CLARK, whose poems he illustrates, was once an Arizona cowboy. But South Dakota claims him as its own, for he has spent most of his life in its Black Hills. He lives there today in a cabin he built. "Badger Hole," he calls it.



Clark

The wood-cut sketch of PAUL P. HARRIS, on the cover, is the work of RICHARD R. EPPERLY, a well-known Chicago artist who once studied in France. Portraiture is his forte.

FRANK C. HIBBEN, professor of archaeology at the University of New Mexico, is a member of the Rotary Club of Albuquerque. He has authored numerous articles on Indians and the Southwest.

ARTHUR STRINGER, a native of Canada, has been writing prose and verse since before the turn of the century, and has numerous movies to his credit. He makes his home in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

ERNEST INGOLD, an automobile dealer and Past Director of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, California, has headed many other important groups there—including the Chamber of Commerce, the Better Business Bureau, and the Electrical Development League.



Ingold

THE Rotarian

Volume LXX

Number 3



Sketch by Willard Arnold

A SNOWFALL softens the scene as Rotary friends leave the church following funeral services for Paul P. Harris, Founder of Rotary.

AS IT MUST to all men, death came to Paul P. Harris, Founder and President Emeritus of Rotary International, on January 27, 1947, in his home in Chicago. Though he had been ill in recent months, his passing came nevertheless as a sudden shock to the Rotary world. Two days before, Rotary's international Board had adjourned a week's meeting in Chicago and all but a few Directors were en route home. Those who could, joined with President Richard C. Hedke, Past Presidents Arch C. Klumph, George C. Hager, and T. A. Warren, and hundreds of Rotarians and friends of the Chicago area to pay tribute to Founder Paul in funeral services held January 30 in Morgan Park Congregational Church in Chicago. Paul's own pastor, the Rev. Hugh S. MacKenzie, conducted the service . . . in which three Rotary leaders voiced what was in the hearts of 300,000 Rotarians in 70 lands that day. Chesley R. Perry, Paul's fellow Club member for 39 years, spoke for the Chicago Rotary Club; Past International President Warren, of England, spoke for Rotary in the Eastern Hemisphere; President Hedke spoke for all Rotary. Interment was in Mount Hope Cemetery in Chicago, Paul's body being placed next but one to that of his friend Silvester Schiele, the first President of the first Rotary Club.

Active pallbearers—President and Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Chicago:

Alex G. Shennan
Herbert C. Angster
Chas. J. Becker

Chas. E. Herrick
Howard K. Jackson
Herbert J. Taylor

Richard E. Vernor
Paul A. Westburg

Honorary pallbearers:

Richard C. Hedke, President, and all Past Presidents of Rotary International

Ushers—from the earliest members of the Rotary Club of Chicago:

Max Goldenberg
Charles H. Eckel

Max C. O. Stienz
George Landis Wilson

B. O. Jones
George A. Stephen

Tributes to Paul P. Harris

As had nothing before, the passing of Paul Harris has moved the men who call themselves Rotarians. Hardly had the sad word been released before telegrams, cablegrams, and letters began to flood Rotary's headquarters in Chicago. To speak for all, we have asked four men—two current leaders and two who worked with Paul many years—here to record their tributes to the modest man who founded Rotary.—Ebs.

From Richard C. Hedke

President of Rotary International and long-time friend of Paul Harris; chemical and dyestuffs distributor, Detroit, Michigan.

THE story of the life of Paul Harris is the story of man at his best.

Conquering obstacles which rose before him, Paul Harris attained the heights of worth-while living. Woven into the very warp and woof of his character was his devotion to high ideals. There burned within the man the spirit of friendliness and kindness.

Many have been warmed and cheered by this great man. The example which he has given us for noble living reached its climax in his love and devotion to his "Scottish lassie," Jean. Never has there been an example of finer companionship and more successful marriage than that which they gave to the world.

We are grateful to Paul Harris for conceiving and for organizing Rotary International. It is the finest flowering of the great ideas and ideals that activated his life. Rotary has its world-wide importance today because of what Paul gave to it. Rotary came from his compelling conviction that men in business and profession could be and should be friends. He needs no monument of marble or stone to mark his life, for he has given to the world an organization whose members shall cherish his memory in love undying. Our day needs desperately to learn again

the lessons of friendship. To answer this need and to honor its Founder, we shall do all in our power to carry the Rotary spirit of friendliness and the high principles of service and helpfulness to all the world.

The passing of Paul Harris leaves a void in our midst which never can be filled. Edwin Markham, the American poet, speaks of the passing of Abraham Lincoln as the falling of a mighty tree which leaves an empty place against the sky. There is an empty place within our hearts because of the passing of this dear friend. The utter simplicity, the gallant purpose, and the complete consecration which he gave to life shall ever be an example for us to ascend the steep pathways of more noble living. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in *The Builders*, expressed well the challenge that comes to us from the life of Paul Harris:

*Let us do our work well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.*

*Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble, as they seek to climb.*

*Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.*

*Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.*

From T. A. Warren

Immediate Past President of Rotary International, distinguished educator, Bournemouth, England.

I, A SON of England, stand in a privileged place. By the accident of circumstances, I represent tens of thousands of men from all the way across the great Eastern Hemisphere.

We for whom I speak come from China, from India, from the islands of the Pacific, from Aus-

tralia, from New Zealand, Africa, the countries of the Middle East, Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, and many other countries. We differ in color, creed, and culture; but we stand united as the faithful followers of the leader who has now set out on the greatest of all his journeys in search of the Peace. This time he will find it. He will find it eternally—so well and so nobly has he served.

Few there are—few there ever could be—who might so translate inspired vision into courageous action as to recruit men from almost every nation for a mission demanding absolute selflessness and sacrifice. Yet that is what Paul Harris did. He prayed, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and away into the uttermost parts of the earth he strove—and strove successfully—to bring that prayer into better and wider effect. And all of us from the north and the south, the east and the west, are bettered for having come within the shining influence of that fine American citizen.

We sorrow for our dear Jean. We wish for her the peaceful contentment of happy retrospect when once the first sharp pangs of temporary parting are assuaged.

For our leader we cannot really mourn. We sorely feel his loss, and pay him homage and give thanks for the immense influence that he has had upon us.

But Paul Harris is not dead. His





Illustrations by Albert H. Winkler

spirit lives on. It abides everywhere. It is woven into the very fiber of other men's lives. As we take leave of his mortal self, we rededicate ourselves to the never-ending task he has inspired and bequeathed to those who will assuredly follow his paths down the years to come.

May God, in His all-providing mercy, grant eternal peace to this great soul.

From Glenn C. Mead

Second President of Rotary International, 1912-13, attorney, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I FIRST met Paul Harris in Chicago in the Summer of 1911 when I joined the Chicago delegation to attend the second Annual Convention of Rotary Clubs to be held in Portland, Oregon. We were joined in Minneapolis by delegates from that city and travelled overland on the "Soo Pacific" via the Soo Line and Canadian Pacific Railway. Paul was a good traveller and good company all the way; his duties and responsibilities as the first President of the newly formed Association in no way interfered with his sociability and good humor, and that was characteristic of him throughout his life.

Paul was reelected President and with others I accompanied him back directly to the starting point in Chicago. We were a small group and because of that and the Convention excitement over, the fortunate few of us had a better chance of getting acquainted with our leader and the Founder of Rotary. A year later we made

the trip to Duluth, Minnesota, by boat from Chicago. The delegations were larger and filled the ship. It was a trip long to be remembered and a happy time for Paul. At the close of the Convention he was elected President Emeritus by the grateful and appreciative delegates. From that time to the end of his life his zeal, interest, and devotion to the cause of Rotary never slackened.

I think Paul felt relieved after his two years in office and was glad to get back to his active law practice. He was an able, alert, and studious lawyer, deeply interested in his profession and the activities of the Chicago Bar Association. At Rotary Conventions he took the greatest interest in the lawyers' group meetings, and impressed his fellow barristers with his broad knowledge of the law and his earnest and sincere interest in their welfare. His legal training and experience well fitted him for grappling with the varied and difficult problems arising with the growth and expansion of Rotary.

Paul was a clear and profound thinker, as his numerous books and writings reveal. He was always genial and never too serious, so that it was a joy to meet him and converse with him no matter what the subject might be. He was well read, well informed, kept himself abreast of the times, and knew what was going on everywhere.

In personal intercourse Paul seemed always to be at his ease; he never set himself up as an oracle above and beyond his friends and fellow Rotarians—he was just one of us. We not only prized his

friendship, but wanted to see him and talk and laugh with him whenever the opportunity offered. It would be a great oversight not to realize and appreciate what a fund of good humor Paul Harris possessed; and there was never any barb in his fun and joking—it was simply the privilege and relaxation of friendly intercourse.

Many Rotarians think that the best thing about Rotary is its fine fellowship, of which Paul was a splendid type and example. But the Rotary that he founded is far more than a mere association of men and of clubs; it has become a world-wide movement based on service and goodwill among men.

Paul Harris never claimed to have founded a new philosophy; he referred to the spirit of Rotary as an ancient principle of ethics. What he did was to teach men of all nations and of all races to join together in practicing and applying it.

From Chesley R. Perry

—who during the past 40 years was closely associated with Paul Harris in the Rotary Club of Chicago and in Rotary International.

NOT far from Comely Bank, the home and garden he loved so well, many Rotarians and other friends gathered in a suburban Chicago church to do honor to Paul Harris, the inspired and far-visioned Founder of Rotary. But we who were there realized that the deep sorrow we felt was shared by hundreds of thousands of men and women around the world whose lives have been touched by forces

for good loosed by this man's ideas and ideals.

If he had consciously planned it so, he could hardly have equipped himself better for the rôle he was to play as the founder of a world-wide movement. Paul was a great traveller and started early. Born in Racine, Wisconsin, he spent his boyhood in a New England valley with his grandparents in Vermont. Then he went to an academy and to the University of Vermont, to Princeton University, to the University of Iowa.

Stirred by a desire to see the world and to know its peoples, he moved on into the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Coast, to Louisiana and Florida, then across the ocean to England and Scotland, to France, Italy, Germany—always paying his own way by such employment as he could find. Paul always travelled under his own steam.

A few weeks ago I sat talking with him in the dining room of his home. He was rather shaky, but still fighting the good fight. Finally he said that we must go into the other room where the ladies were. He had me give him my arm with a stiff elbow, and with the help of his cane in the other hand we went through the hallway. As we approached the doorway of the other room, he said: "Now, drop your arm, Ches, and I'll go in under my own steam." And he did so.

As Paul travelled, he not only made his pathways on the face of the earth, but he kept opening new pathways in his brain by his thinking. What he saw and what he heard he turned over and over in his mind. He realized that peo-

ple lacked understanding and goodwill, that people were strangers to one another, and he wanted to do something about it.

Finally in the gay and turbulent '90s he settled in Chicago, which for more than 50 years was to be his home. Here he began to practice law, but the mere acquisition of money was not his inspiration. He was lonesome for fellowship, for friends, for mutual helpfulness. In his office hangs a large plaque:

"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare."

SO PAUL founded a club of young men who wanted to be friends, who wanted to be helpful to each other, men of different businesses and professions who except for the Chicago Rotary Club would never have known each other. He promoted rollicking good fellowship among them and a personal interest in each other's ambitions and problems. He encouraged their minds to travel in unfrequented channels of thought. He taught them to be thoughtful of and helpful to not only each other, but other people as well. He insisted that all participate in making the Club succeed, for he had the inspiration, perhaps subconsciously, that in a democratic society nothing will be truly successful without participation, active personal participation by the people. That lesson our city, our state, our nation, and the United Nations have not yet fully grasped, but Rotary continues to point the way to education, participation, understanding, goodwill, fellowship.

As the years went by, illness came upon Paul Harris and his ac-

tivity in the Chicago Rotary Club had to be lessened, but his interest in it never waned. When he had recovered sufficiently to resume an active participation in Rotary, he found that his child had grown into a great international movement. In fact, before he was stricken he had started his child on the road to national and international greatness. Rotarians of many lands demanded that he give something of himself to them and he did generously. His travels for Rotary took him to all the continents, and everywhere he spoke for understanding and for friendship.

Fortunately for Paul and for the Rotary movement he took unto himself a wife many years ago—Jean Thomson, his bonnie Scottish lassie. All through the years she has been his constant, faithful companion and we pay grateful tribute to her for her gracious and immeasurable contribution to the Rotary career of our distinguished leader. We hope that her sorrow and loneliness will be softened by our sympathy and by a mutual realization with us that we all should be happy that Paul at last is at rest in a peacefulness that we all hope to attain. We pray that her years on this earth may yet be many, sweetened by the memory of Paul's glorious life of service to mankind.

*He was a friend whose heart was good,
Who walked with men and understood.*

*His was a voice that spoke to cheer
And fell like music on the ear.*

His was a smile men loved to see.

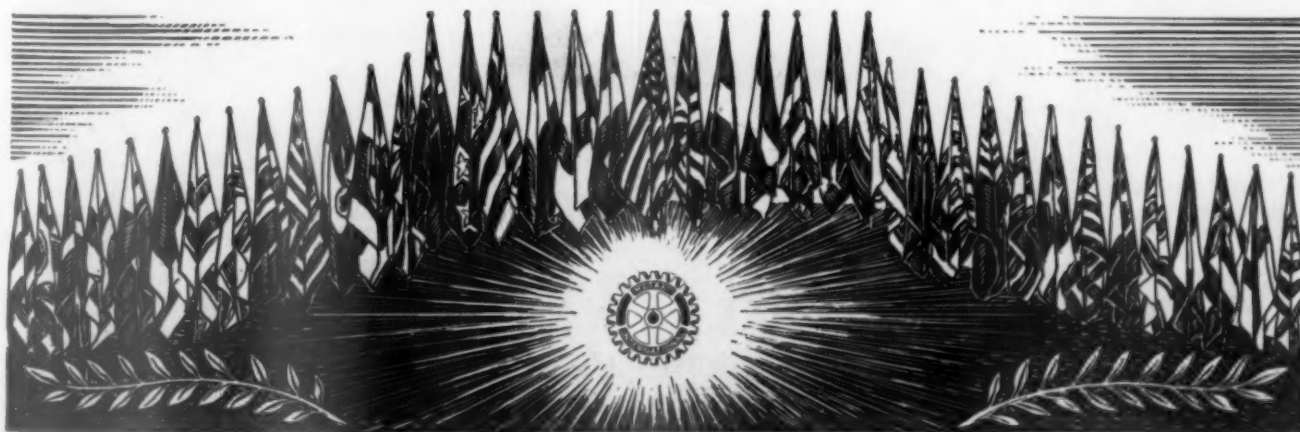
His was a hand that asked no fee

For friendliness or kindness done.

And now that he has journeyed on

His is a fame that never ends.

He leaves behind uncounted friends.





HOWARD and Pamela Harris, Paul's aged grandparents, who reared him.



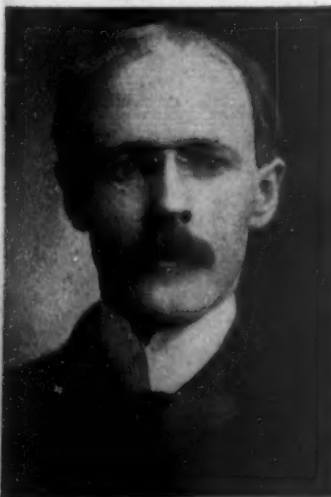
PAUL'S parents, Cornelia and Geo. H. Harris. The father was a merchant.



PAUL at 3½—the photo taken in Racine just before the move to Vermont.



IT WAS '86 and Paul was a "frosh" at the "U" of Vermont. A happy year.



HE struggling young lawyer. Paul at 23 in his first year in Chicago.

Paul in Pictures

WHILE thoughtful men in 70 lands ponder the genius of the man who gave them Rotary, tens of thousands of pictures help them remember the Paul Harris the eye saw. For wherever he went in the long latter half of his life . . . whether to Shanghai or Melbourne or Nice or Minneapolis . . . there was the cameraman and there the portraitist, begging for a bit of his time. "Never," says one of them, "was there a more understanding subject. He saw my job from *my* point of view."

Perhaps that was Paul's secret: he knew the other man's mind, because at some time or other in the 79 event-packed years of his life, which ended January 27, he had looked into it, or into one like it, from close up. "Why do men act as they do?" Finding answers to that question which he had posed as a boy proved a lifetime quest.

As Wisconsin Rotarians pridefully remind you, Paul P. Harris was born in Racine April 19, 1868. At age 3, however, the scene of his infant life shifted to the village of Wallingford in the Green Mountains of Vermont, where a gentle grandmother and a patient grandfather (Paul's father's parents) began to raise him on blueberries and buckwheat cakes, Emerson and Thoreau, the *Bible* and hard work. That home and those mountains he loved—he recently completed a book about the latter—but of school he has written: "It had to be endured."

Then came Rutland High School, Black River Academy, and Vermont Academy, all in Vermont, and, after that, studies at the University of Vermont and Princeton University, and in 1891 a law degree from the University of Iowa.

Then 23 and professionally equipped,

CARICATURES of himself always gave Paul Harris a chuckle. The artist in this case was a "Rio" Rotarian.



Paul charted a course many men set but few sail. He would see this old world ere he settled down to work in it. He would take five years for it!

When, four years and eight months later, he hung up his lawyer's shingle in Chicago, he could look back on exciting days as a news reporter, raisin packer, and teacher in California . . . actor and cowboy in Colorado . . . hotel clerk and marble salesman in Florida . . . stock-boy on cattle boats crossing the Atlantic . . . commercial traveller in Continental Europe and Britain and Ireland.

How on the night of February 23, 1905, Paul Harris called three of his young Chicago business friends together for the first meeting of the first Rotary Club is a story too well known to be repeated here. How he went on to become first President of what we now call Rotary International, how he and his bonnie Scottish wife, Jean, toured the world, making many new friends, are also familiar.

But what is clearest of all is that this man of quiet manner and never robust physique had some power to make men drop their prejudices, get together, and then work for the general good. "I would have you as a fire," said Marcus Aurelius, "into which everything thrown turns to brightness." There are many who say Paul Harris was such a fire.



THE CENTER of Paul's merry, prank-filled boyhood, this was the old home of his grandparents in Wallingford, Vt.



PAUL'S grammar school in Wallingford. Still standing, is visited as a Rotary shrine by many who tour Vermont.



FOOTBALL was rugged—no helmets or pads—when Paul made the freshman "eleven" at the "U" of Vermont in '85. He is second from left, head turned.



ALWAYS eager for fresh experiences, Paul went up in a World War I plane—and posed for this photo.



ONCE a country boy—always. On a New Hampshire trip Paul took time to admire this champion cow.



AT 70 Paul set out to learn painting—and did! He is seen at an exhibit of his oils.



DELIGHTING in local customs, Paul found chopsticks convenient on a Pacific trip in the '30s.



STOCKING his bird feeders was one of Paul's daily chores—and he knew the winged diners intimately.



FEW MEN have been in longer demand as a speaker, and beyond his limits he obliged



Photo: © Akkersdyk, Capetown

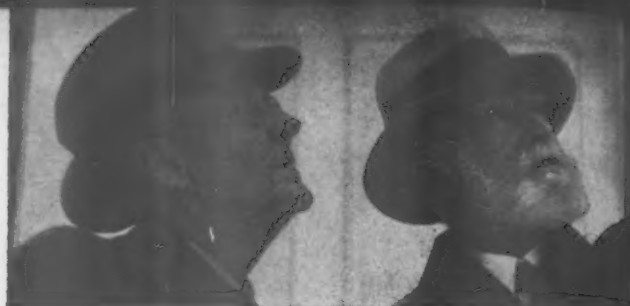
ALWAYS welcome everywhere, Paul Harris is seen here with South Africa's great soldier-statesmen J. C. Smuts (left) and J. B. M. Hertzog during a tour in 1934.



REUNIONS Paul loved . . . and this one brought together Rotary's first three Presidents—Paul, Glenn C. Mead (center), and Russell F. Greiner—in Mexico City in 1935.



PAUL'S goodwill trees flourish round the globe. Planting them in ceremonies like this, he left them as reminders that world friendship, too, must grow.



NOW and then Paul would slip out for a visit to his beloved Green Mountains in Vermont, and look up people like Cousin Herman Vaughan.



"**IF I WAS** the architect," Paul has written, "Chesley R. Perry was the builder." Seen with Paul, "Ches" was Rotary's Secretary from 1910-20.



A BIT of fun in Tasmania in '35. Hearing the Harrises say they'd never been robbed in 40 years in Chicago, Rotarians faked this holdup.



ALWAYS "game," Paul gleefully accepted a rôle in this Danish Rotary play, he being the long-tressed beauty. It happened in Copenhagen.



FULL of stories he had gleaned in far fields, Paul told them masterfully. This series of candid photos was taken as he spun a yarn for some friends.

Friends... Home

HE WHO has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.

Plaques bearing that motto hung on the walls of Paul Harris' trophy-crowded office and his home discussion room. And Paul had those friends—but by the *tens* of thousands in scores of countries.

And for those friends the latch-string was always out at Comely Bank, the home in the woods so carefully kept by Paul and his Scottish lass Jean, whom he wed in 1910.

Decorations and honors in great number came to Paul—among them the Chicago Merit Award of his own Rotary Club conferred upon him just a year ago—and all these he cherished... but as he himself once put it: "Of life's charms, what is comparable with friendship?"



'T WAS a reunion in 1943 of Rotarians who'd joined the first Rotary Club in its first year, and in the parting handshake were (left to right) Silvester Schiele, "Monty" Bear, Paul, "Barney" Arntzen, "Rufe" Chapin, Harry Ruggles, and "Bob" Fletcher. Only Harry and Bob survive... (Below) Paul and Jean as you might have seen them any afternoon at Comely Bank.






Our SAN FRANCISCO

By Ernest Ingold

*Chairman, Host Club Executive Committee,
1947 Convention; San Francisco, California*

ATOP Telegraph Hill, so named because a semaphore upon it used to warn San Franciscans of incoming ships, stands Coit Tower—a gift to the city from a wealthy widow.

THIS town of yours!" exclaimed a friend of mine during his first visit to San Francisco. "It's the only place I've ever found where a man can poke a daisy into his lapel, give his wife a lingering kiss, shove his hat back on his head, and bounce off to work with the stride of a boy—and still be thought completely normal."

Hundreds of people have tried to find the word for San Francisco. They have called it bold, vital, exhilarating, exuberant, debonair, Bagdadian, and a thousand other colorful things—and it is all these, of course—but no one, to my notion, has come closer to expressing the real *feel* of the place than did that friend.

And that feel, elusive as it is of description, is probably the most unforgettable thing about our

town. It is, I predict, the one memory Rotarians and their families who come here for Rotary's 1947 Convention, June 8 to 12, inclusive, will retain long after they have forgotten the name of the tower on Telegraph Hill and the smell of coffee and hemp and tar that hangs over our Embarcadero.

It's a kind of buoyancy that keeps you continuously "up" . . . that causes dignified passengers on our famous little cable cars to hop out and help the motorman spin his car around on street-end turntables . . . that brings shipping magnate and stevedore to the same sidewalk stand to drink a cup of steaming clam broth and talk of the gliding shapes out there on the Bay.

Maybe the weather accounts for it; we can bank on the sun 300 days out of the year (but you'll need a topcoat in June). Maybe it's a heritage of our boisterous past. Maybe San Francisco had to have such a spirit to survive. For this is the town, remember, that came through the wildest, richest gold rush of all time. The town that, having burned to the ground four times, finally built itself up *to stay*—and within the memory of most of my readers. The town that, finding its hooting ferryboats slow for the auto age, flung two of the greatest bridges in the world to its neighbors across the way.

You know these things about San Francisco, but did you ever

hear of Norton I? Back in the early '50s one Joshua Abraham Norton came to our town and ran his small "pile" into a larger one. This fortune he suddenly lost and with it some of his balance. Appearing on our streets in dazzling military uniform, he proclaimed himself Norton I, Emperor of the United States of America.

San Francisco could have locked him up. Instead, with the straightest face, it gave him the run of the town, printed his many official proclamations in the papers, accorded him the greatest respect, and served him free meals in the best restaurants. When after some 30 years of this he died, San Francisco gave Norton I a funeral never to be forgotten. Some 30,000 truly sad-hearted men marched in the procession. I could say, as many have, that San Francisco glows with the same warm tolerance of humankind that makes Paris what it is—but it has always seemed to me that that story of Emperor Norton says it better.

It is the physical city of San Francisco—the city of streets and buildings and wharves and people—that is your first interest, however. Let's assume you've never seen it and want first of all some geographic orientation. All right, put the tips of your index fingers and thumbs together to form a large flat "O." That "O" is San Francisco Bay—50 miles long and large enough to hold all the ships in the world! Separate your in-

Introducing the exhilarating city which will play host to Rotary's Convention in June.



Photos: (right below) Californian; (all others) Moulin

dex fingers slightly; there, that gap in between them is the narrow channel leading in from the Pacific known far and wide as the Golden Gate. Now then, San Francisco stands on the tip of your left index finger—yes, on a narrow peninsula. Oakland, Berkeley, and our other great neighbors on the Bay are right there on your thumbnails.

Some 825,000 people live in the rippled checkerboard of buildings that covers the 14 sand hills of the San Franciscan peninsula, and from the tops of those hills they can see the Pacific on the west, the Golden Gate channel to the north, and the Bay to the east. Only Istanbul and Rio de Janeiro, say world travellers, equal San Francisco in beauty of situation.

But I do not know how one can understand San Francisco or any other city without knowing how



A JOSS House in San Francisco's Chinatown—the largest Chinese "city" outside China.... At left: the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

THIS (below) is Powell Street, and distinctive it is, but it's only one of many avenues with cable cars. San Francisco has 14 hills

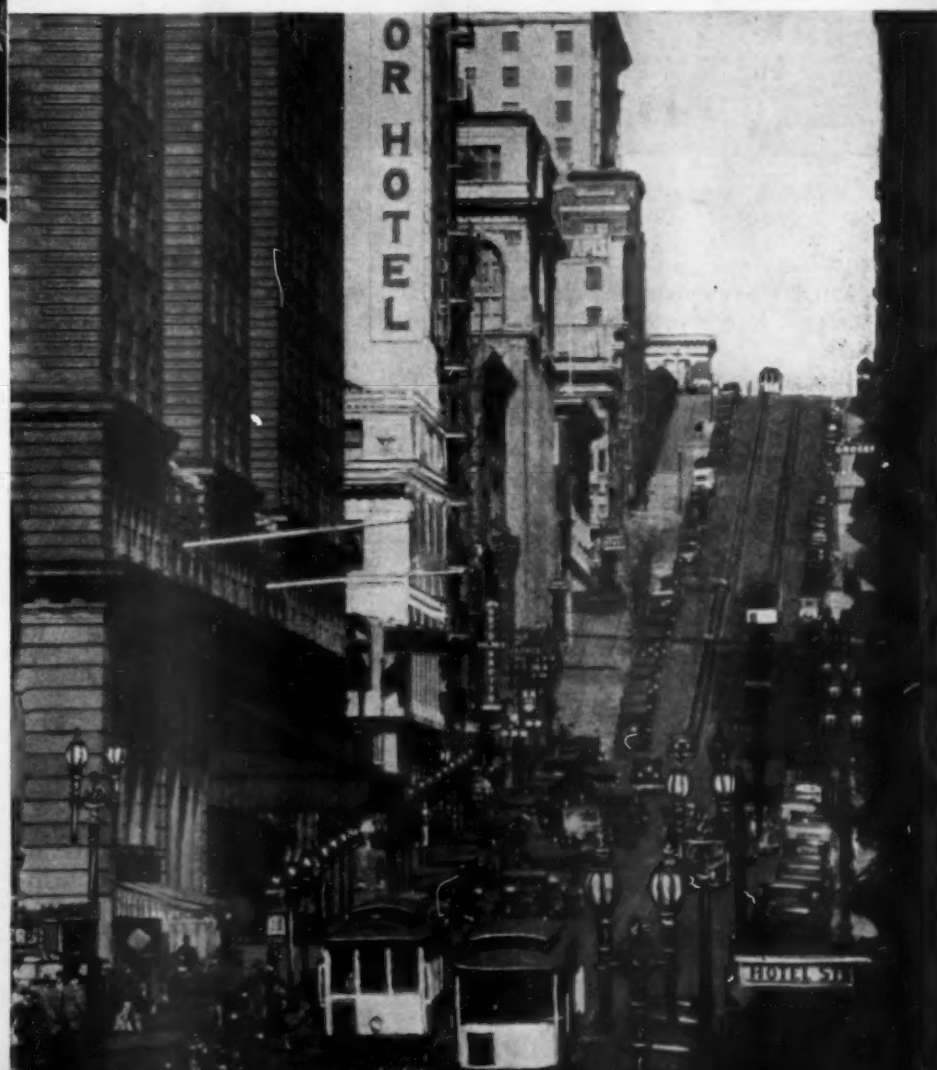




Photo: Moulin

LAUGHING cataracts like Huntington Falls and a foliage almost tropic in its lushness typify Golden Gate Park. Yet 60 years ago its 1,013 acres were bare and blowing sand.

and why it came to be. Let me, then, try to compact my city's hectic past into a brief paragraph or two.

The poor root-digging Digger Indians were here first and it was they, if anyone, who saw Sir Francis Drake miss the Golden Gate (the fogs hid it, wags say) on his historic trip up the California coast in 1579. Then 200 years later, during which time nothing much happened, military men from New Spain (Mexico) found the Bay by both land and sea and in July of 1776, when the Liberty Bell was ringing in Philadelphia, they set up a military post at the Golden Gate. You have heard of our Presidio? That's it.

Then up the Royal Highway from Mexico came Padre Junipero Serra to found, in October of that year, the Mission Dolores, which you will not want to miss, and

soon a settlement called Yerba Buena began to grow in one of the coves. It was still little more than a sleepy pueblo with but 800 persons when in 1846, during the U. S.-Mexican War, Captain John Montgomery sailed into the port and raised the Stars and Stripes. San Francisco, as the town was named the following year, now belonged to the people of the United States.

Then one memorable day in 1848 Jim Marshall found some gold in the tail race of General Sutter's Mill: From there on the story of San Francisco can be written in terms of gold and silver cascading fabulously down to the straggling mud and wood town, a wild city of men grown wealthy beyond their dreams in a few days; of Chinese in pigtails, gamblers, swindlers, adventurers, thieves, murderers—all the riffraff that follows

quick and easy money was here. Then the law came, with an informal trial and a noose, improvised to meet the conditions. In five years there were 1,000 murders and one legal hanging.

Native gold was carried in leather pouches, babies' nurses went about fully armed, mud was knee deep, post-office boxes cost \$137 a quarter. It was a rough raw town and few cared—for they were a rough raw people. Men came to wear stiff white shirts who only days before had swung picks. Their center of activity in later years was the old Palace Hotel. Described as "more monstrous than elegant," it opened in



October, 1875, with a banquet to Phil Sheridan. It was the hub of the town's life, had push buttons in every room, pneumatic tubes for mail, and no less than 9,000 cuspidors. Don Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, first reigning monarch to visit the United States, found a luxury that "was not for man."

Some of the mansions of the gold days still stand, and in the facades of a few old buildings are reminders of Barbary Coast which once concealed in a block or two more concentrated crime and wickedness than can be believed. But the San Francisco you will see is almost a new city—dated 1906-1947.

Its people came from everywhere—the largest Chinese city outside of China is here, and a respected community it is. Portuguese, Italians, Norwegians, Slavs, Greeks, Japanese, Filipinos, French, Mexicans, Irish, Poles, and many more nationalities have

their Americanized existence in the city. There are, for example, four Russian churches. The Yugoslavs have their own newspaper. The Poles exchange wooden eggs with their friends at Easter. The Finns have four public bathhouses in the city. The Spanish celebrate the discovery of America each year—with a pageant of dancing and singing.

This cosmopolitanism has given the city a cultural standing beyond its size. Its Memorial Opera House brings a full season of grand opera, the ballet, the San Francisco Symphony, and a never-



ending trek of the great artists of the world. To all these, San Franciscans respond with childlike thrills. It was in this Opera House that the United Nations was born.

If one is interested in art, there is the De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park, or the Palace of the Legion of Honor on the cliffs by the Golden Gate. But why stop here?—on the day this is written there are 12 exhibitions of art in 12 galleries and museums. Even those who live in San Francisco cannot make the rounds.

Away back in 1853 the city of San Francisco went to court to hang onto "four square leagues of land" given it under an old Mexican grant. It won—with the result that a great broad swath of lawns and trees cuts from the top

of the town to the sea, homes and buildings crowding it on either side. It's our famed Golden Gate Park. Though every shrub and tree upon it was placed there by man, so natural has it become that small wild animals have at times proved a problem in it.

With parks and places to see we are indeed well endowed. There are Lincoln Park on the cliffs of the Golden Gate—the Marina, with its Yacht Harbor and Yacht Club—Sharp's Park and its golf course along the ocean—Harding Park, with its surrounding lakes—Telegraph Hill, with its harbor view and Tower—Aquatic Park—Forts Mason, Funston, and the Presidio—McLaren Park, now undeveloped, but perhaps to be the greatest of all—Twin Peaks, with its

panorama view—Sutro Forest and Sutro Heights with the Cliff House just beyond. And then add to these all the countless little parks and squares.

It is the flower stands on our busiest corners that may catch your eye in that compact area of stores, shops, hotels, theaters, and office buildings known as downtown San Francisco. Or perhaps the old cable cars creeping up and down the hills . . . or the park which garages 1,800 automobiles four stories deep under its trees and lawns . . . or the four lines of streetcars on Market Street.

Then there's the contrast in our homes—startling and often bizarre. From a block of grim pre-Victorian houses you move on to a row of [Continued on page 66]

IN ITS fiesta pageantry as well as in its architectural relics San Francisco's Spanish origins show through. Below is its favorite landmark, Mission Dolores, built in 1776.

Photos: (left) Obert; (below) Redwoods Empire Assn.



NATIONS ARE PEOPLE

By Richard C. Hedke

President of Rotary International

IN THE ORIENT they tell the story of a hell that is 10,000 miles deep. Every 10,000 years a god lets down a thread as thin as a spider's web, and every condemned soul who sees that thread and has faith can climb up 10,000 miles until he gets out.

One time the god let down the thread and one poor soul saw it and he had faith. He started to climb and he climbed up and up until at last he saw daylight. Then, just as he was putting his foot over the edge, he thought he would look back and say good-by to his old home. He looked down those 10,000 miles and saw all hell climbing up after him on the same thread. He lost faith. "Let go! Let go! This is mine!" he yelled down, and the god snapped the thread and cast him and all the other condemned souls back into Hades.

Today the entire world is attempting to climb from the bottomless pit of international rancor and strife, and our only hope of rescue is the very thin thread of international coöperation. We shall win this struggle together, or together we shall be plunged into the darkness of despair. We can reach our goal only if we have faith—faith in each other. It is the only means of escape offered so far.

When a man thinks of his own country, he does not think merely of a small group of elected representatives in the nation's capital. Rather there flashes across his mind a vision of wide prairies and abundant fields, of high mountains and wind-swept shores—and, above all, of the people who live in the cities and towns and on the farms. If we are to succeed in our efforts toward world

coöperation, we must learn to think of the world not as an aggregation of sovereign States, but as a world community of divinely created beings with hopes and ambitions and fears like our own. The key that will unlock the door to a peaceful tomorrow, free from the scourge of war, is the discovery that *nations are people*.

The real world is like a family. The family that is delightful and valuable is composed of children who are allowed to be themselves within a framework of discipline. That is the pattern which must be kept in view. Every human being has a stake in the conduct not only of national but of world affairs. We must shift from a tribal to a cosmopolitan attitude. To achieve a different public attitude requires a new burning ideal. Mankind has always had ideals—dreams of a utopia—perfection, paradise.

The old ideal which the Buddha and the Christ proclaimed—the brotherhood of man—was in the ages they proclaimed it impossible to realize because human society was organized on tribal glory and religion. Any attempt to treat mankind as a single democratic family was in conflict with other ideals which had the advantage of being embodied in actual institutions. An ideal cannot be realized unless it can be put into the mechanism of practical living. The laws and political arrangements frame the action of people. A civil world order offers a mundane, political form which is a fitting place for the spirit of brotherhood. It is the first practical scheme that has ever been thought of for the realization of an ideal which is the core of all great humanitarian religions. The



'We cannot make a heaven out of our own country and leave a hell outside.'

fraternity of all men—we have always preached the hope, but never have been able to realize it in actual demonstration. The nations have been too divided. The "one world" where all men could be brothers before God existed in imagination only. But in our day "one world" is an economic and physical fact: suddenly we realize we have the mold that may give form to that ancient, universal dream: the brotherhood of man.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick finds the Golden Rule for these times in the words of Britain's Prime Minister Attlee: "We cannot make a heaven in our own country and leave a hell outside." These words are the pith of the world's problem. Even in public health we cannot have the hell of epidemics elsewhere and be safe ourselves. As for war, when the flood breaks loose, no isolation can keep any great nation out, with atomic ruin stopping at its peaceful border. If we have peace now, it must be world peace! If we have economic security in one hemisphere, economic chaos must not ravage the other.

Like it or not, we are members of one another.



en our own country and leave a hell outside.'

CLEMENT R. ATTLEE, Prime Minister of Great Britain

United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall, of Massachusetts, says these are the words he picked to live by: "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."—St. John 8:32. We need to realize that material freedom, so widely hailed and yet so narrowly enjoyed, can come only when minds are free to seek the truth. Lasting peace and brotherhood among men depend on better understanding of each other. How wonderful it would be if people everywhere believed that the truth shall make men free.

If we are really going to regard nations as people, we shall have to fight prejudice and the evils that spring from it. We shall have to facilitate the free flow of ideas and persons. We shall have to use all the mediums of mass communication developed by science to inform the peoples of the world about each other with truth, with justice, and with understanding.

To have peace, we must have understanding. William Allen White, the distinguished editor, once said: "Nations must learn that peace and goodwill toward others are no more than peace and goodwill to themselves."

human, he was able to ascertain by his clothing that he was a countryman. Still his heart was filled with terror lest it might be a robber who would steal his possessions, beat him, and leave him lying along the roadside to die. Finally when the stranger came into full view, his fear gave way to inexpressible joy, and he ran down the hill to greet his brother.

Dean Emeritus Lynn Harold Hough, of Drew Theological Seminary, tells how he made peace with Germany after the First World War. He was travelling as an American soldier within Germany. On the same train with him was a German mother with a lovely little girl with blond, curly hair and beautiful blue eyes. Dr. Hough looked up to see the little girl break away from her mother and make for him. Without a doubt the little girl's father was in uniform and she wasn't old enough to distinguish between uniforms, so she was making her way to this man. He looked up at the mother and saw her eyes filled with terror. Gladly would she have grabbed up her little girl and taken her back to safety, but she was afraid this might anger

In the *Koran* we are told of a man who stood on a hill overlooking a valley. In the distance he saw a form approaching. It filled him with fear lest it might be an animal that would attack and devour him, for he was unarmed. However, as the form came closer, he could distinguish that it was human. This filled him with even greater alarm, for he feared it might be an enemy who would even more certainly put him to death. With the closer approach of this

the enemy soldier. This little curlyhead, sensing none of this, went bravely up to the American and even tried to climb up onto his lap. Dr. Hough picked up the little girl and quickly she snuggled down into his lap and fell asleep. Dr. Hough tells how, as he rode along with his head touching those soft blond curls, all his bitterness and hatred for Germany began to melt away. His country was still at war with this country in which he was travelling, but he had made his peace with Germany through holding a little German girl.

United States Navy Chaplain William Mertz, now a clergyman in St. Ignace, Michigan, tells how he made peace with Japan. On Christmas Eve he was given the job of finding Christmas trees for all the ships anchored in the harbor. His search took him 70 miles inland, but finally he located the desired evergreens. Then he had to arrange with the Mayor to get those trees. He had to drink seven pots of tea, but finally he managed. As a result of this trip, he also met members of the local Christian church who invited him back to give them a Christmas message.

He went back and they met in the home of a member of the congregation. They all sat around with their shoes off and Chaplain Mertz's feet almost froze. All the heat they had was from a charcoal brazier in the center of the room. On their faces he saw the cost of war in hunger and want, and yet on every hand there was this wonderful demonstration of love. If a man's neighbor was in want and he had

"OUR only hope of rescue is the thin thread of international cooperation."





"WHEN the stranger came into view, his fear gave way to inexpressible joy, and he ran to meet his brother."

two pounds of rice, the neighbor received one. When it came Chaplain Mertz's time to speak, he was so choked with emotion that he could not preach. However, he promised that when he returned to his homeland again, wherever he went he would tell everyone of his Christian brothers who had so magnificently kept the faith.

We must be like the scientist—the only true internationalist. He begins with the universe; therefore, his ideals are universal. He sees a universe in the human mind. Throughout the story of time he has been the one selfless seeker for the Holy Grail of Truth. When the Polish priest Copernicus outlined his theory of the celestial system, there were no boundary lines to declare an embargo on his ideas. Gilbert and Newton proclaimed them in England, Galileo in Italy, Pascal in France, Tycho Brahe in Denmark, Kepler and von Guericke in Germany—and there followed from every nation the giants who took God's laws of mechanics, applied them in their laboratories, and made possible the machine age with its philosophy of abundance for all.

As American soldiers swept through Würzburg, perhaps some man of medicine among them whispered the name of Roentgen, who 50 years ago gave to the world the X ray which revolutionized the science of medicine.* He made his discoveries in that town. And right in that neighborhood some engineer will pause to re-

member that 250 years ago Otto von Guericke created the first man-made vacuum and invented the first electrical machine. It was he who made possible the incandescent light of Edison, the radio tube of De Forest, and radar.

The scientist works without thought of nations or creeds. So do we in Rotary. Organized in more than 70 countries and geographical regions, we are doing our utmost to create a world-wide sentiment of understanding and good neighborliness. Eleven thousand Rotarians from 46 countries met for Rotary's 37th Annual Convention at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in June. In that great thrilling reunion we made many new and wonderful friendships. To me the Convention was a demonstration of international friendship in action. It is our desire wherever Rotary exists to reveal that *nations are people*. For more than 40 years Rotary has been dedicated to the proposition that getting to know people is the cure for national prejudices. Could anyone cherish the myth of the staid Englishman who got to know Tom Warren, Rotary's genial Immediate Past President?

Nations may be all alike, greedy for power, coöperative only in dire need, laden with traditional hostilities, but *people* are different. Each of them has something to give in the world's effort for peace and human well-being. Wendell Willkie, whose sudden death in 1944 was one of the great tragedies of the World War II period, strongly advocated the policy of responsive coöperation on the part

of his own people and the peoples of the world. In his amazingly successful book *One World* he states his view: "To raise the standard of living in any man anywhere in the world is to raise the standard of living by some slight degree of every man everywhere in the world."

The instrument for this world effort is the United Nations, but it will not work unless people want it to work. Given goodwill and understanding, it cannot fail. How are these to be generated? The people must know the Charter and recognize it as their own. It is an agreement between nations, but, unlike the League of Nations, its first words are, "We, the peoples . . ."—not, "The high contracting parties. . . ." And in the next breath, it "reaffirms faith in the dignity and worth of the human person." That is the foundation of the United Nations: the peoples of the world.

The positive parts of the Charter—those dealing with human rights, nutrition, health, full employment, etc.—obligate nations to serve the peoples of the world. The Security Council deals mainly with disputes between nations, but delegates are pledged distinctly to represent not their own national policies, but *all* the United Nations. The judges of the International Court are elected "without regard to nationality."

EVERY employee of the U. N. Secretariat, from the Secretary General down, takes oath: "To exercise in all loyalty, discretion, and conscience the functions entrusted to me and to regulate my conduct with the interests of the United Nations only in view." In relation to dependent peoples, each colonial power is pledged to "the principle that the interests of the inhabitants are paramount." The Charter calls, in short, for a new type of world leadership that will put the interest of the peoples of the world before the interests of nations.

Statesmanship is not enough. A new word must be coined to express what is needed. Just as the statesman's [Continued on page 59]

* See *I Saw It Happen*, by Dr. Alfred Zucker, *THE ROTARIAN*, August, 1946.



This Rotary Month

News notes gleaned at
35 East Wacker Drive,
Chicago 1, Ill., U.S.A.

All offices of Rotary International—Chicago, London, Zurich, Bombay—were closed the afternoon of January 30, at the direction of President Richard C. Hedke, in respect for the memory of Paul P. Harris, President Emeritus of Rotary. The funeral was held that afternoon in Chicago. (See pages 6-13.)

Candidate: S. Kendrick Guernsey, Jacksonville, Fla., has been nominated by Nominating Committee for President of RI in 1947-48. (See page 54.)

Over 6,000 Top! Most dramatic moment in RI Board meeting in January came when Secretary Philip Lovejoy announced that goal of having 6,000 Clubs actually in operation during President Hedke's administration had been reached. Club that did it is East Oakland, Calif., organized in territory "released" by Oakland Rotary Club—which makes Oakland first "multiple Club" city in northern California. Rotary started fiscal 1946-47 year last July with 5,828 Clubs, has averaged 25 new ones per month during first seven months.

Rio in 1948. The 1948 Convention will be held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil—subject to satisfactory completion of arrangements. New York City "has the nod" for 1949.

A 2-Million Goal! All brakes are off and steam is being cooked up for 2-million-dollar Rotary Foundation fund. The objective was adopted by the 1938 Convention (San Francisco, Calif.), but progress has been retarded by war and other factors. Now Past President Harry H. Rogers, of San Antonio, Tex., who is Chairman of Foundation Committee, has strong "Go ahead!" from the Board. Already each Governor has received a telegram urging an appeal to each Rotary Club to act in memory of Paul Harris.

Board Report. On page 55 you'll find brief resume of some of the action taken by RI Board at its January meeting. Heaviest agenda in years kept Boardmen busy Monday through Saturday, January 20-25. All were present but Einar Lisborg, Slagelse, Denmark.

"Dick" Wells Tribute. Doane R. Farr, Clinton, Okla., who was member of Board in administration of late Richard H. Wells, has sent check to latter's hometown library, Pocatello, Idaho, to purchase four bound volumes of THE ROTARIAN as part of a "Dick Wells Memorial Shelf."

Convention Office Open. Rotary's 1947 Convention office has been opened at Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco. George R. Means, Rotary's Convention Manager, will operate from that office. It will serve also as the headquarters of the Host Club Executive Committee (Ernest Ingold, Chairman). Office has been set up to help those planning to attend Convention, June 8-12, inclusive. (Address Rotary International, Convention Office, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco 2, Calif.) Some 12,000 people are expected from more than 70 countries for this the third Rotary Convention to be held in Golden Gate City (other two—1915 and 1938).

Convention Theme. It's to be "Living Together in Friendship and Understanding"—which is close to heart of President Hedke. Speakers of international reputation will be on program.



LONG ACTIVE in the field of organized labor, Frank P. Fenton is now the director of organization of the American Federation of Labor. During World War II he served on labor-policy committees of various Government agencies.

It Is Qualified by Group Rights

Says Frank P. Fenton

Director of Organization, American Federation of Labor

EVERY individual in a free society needs the right to work. He needs it, first of all, because work is an essential outlet for his creative instincts, and, secondly, because he must pay for the essentials of living and hence must have the opportunity to earn income.

But the right to work, like many other rights, is not an unqualified privilege. In order to protect property rights, individuals are restrained by police from stealing to satisfy the pangs of hunger. And labor unions, which are voluntary organizations to advance the interests of workers, contest the right of individuals to pursue their own interests at the expense of the welfare of the greater number.

The justice of this has long been recognized by law in many countries. In the United States, unions were declared legal in 1842 by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. That precedent has been recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States, and today you find it reflected in the laws of every State of the Union. Organized labor in America has waged a 100-year-old fight for its right to live, culminating in the National Labor Relations Act of 1937, the so-called Wagner Act. As a trade unionist who has participated in a small way in this struggle, I can say that labor will not permit the dissipation of its gains without making every effort to prevent it.

Our position is logical and fair. Since the law recognizes unions, they must be free to determine and to secure conditions necessary for their ex-

WHAT IS

The Right

istence and welfare. This is nothing more, nothing less than other voluntary organizations demand—the bar or medical associations, for example.

Consider the bar association. It has the right to say who is qualified for membership—that is, who has the right to practice law. It may discipline members who infract its rules. In many States it has a “closed shop” or what is known as the integrated bar, which compels all lawyers who have passed the bar examination to pay dues to the association as a condition precedent to the practice of law. I have no objections to this status given to the bar association. However, unions have been declared legal and consequently should be entitled to the same privileges as the bar, medical, and other associations.

Similarly unions set up standards for the admission of new members. Some unions include in such standards limits on the number of apprentices, usually in proportion to the requirements of the industry served. Control over apprenticeship is necessary to maintain standards of skill and workmanship. Where abuses occur, it is the abuses that should be corrected, not the practice of control of apprenticeship. If the union is to assume responsibility for quality of production, it must be in a position to guarantee craftsmanship. This is a principle of what is often called the “closed shop.”

But trade unionists are opposed to the term “closed shop” because it was coined by the enemies of trade unionism with a design and a purpose. Labor proposes as a substitute “union shop” and “anti-union shop,” simple descriptive terms with no double meaning. Samuel Gompers, the first president of the American Federation of Labor, analyzed this problem succinctly and clearly:

The term “closed shop” is a false designation of the union shop, because of the antipathy which is ordinarily felt toward anything being closed and with the specious plea that the so-called open shop must necessarily afford the opportunity of freedom. As a matter of fact, the union shop is open to all workmen who perform their duty and they participate in the benefits and advantages of the improved conditions which a union shop affords. The union shop also implies duties and responsibilities. This is incident to and the corollary of all human institutions. The dishonest idea given in the term “closed shop” is that no one can secure employment there except members of a trade union.

Similarly “open shop” also is a misnomer, for except in rare cases it is a closed shop to union men.

The question is often asked: Why should a non-union worker who happens to secure employment in a union plant be expected to join the union after he has proved his competency? Why should he not be at liberty to work as a nonunion man?

[Continued on page 60]

The Debate

t to Work?

I KNOW what "the right to work" means to me. It means that you and I and all the other fellows must have freedom to earn our living where we like, doing what we think we do best, and increasing our earnings through increasing our productivity. I believe that no one should be deprived of his right to work at an available job.

This point of view contrasts with that held by people who believe in collectivist principles. It may clarify the issue we are discussing to note that to such persons the right to work usually means that the State starts out by guaranteeing everyone a share, earned or not, in the goods and services produced. In the full-fledged collectivist State it ends up by telling you where to work. It picks your job for you. It tells you how long to work and it pays you whatever it pleases. There is no bargaining with such a State.

Individualists like myself believe that you and I and all the other fellows make out better when the right to work means the greatest possible freedom and opportunity. Like all freedoms and all opportunities, responsibility goes with it. But this responsibility is the salt and zest of our lives if everyone of us takes his share.

The right to work, I believe, should be qualified only by the police power of a sound Government, which prohibits burglars and others who are socially harmful from plying their trades. The right of an individual to seek to earn his livelihood, where he likes and in any legitimate work for which he is qualified, boils down to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is an inalienable right.

However, the right to work for someone else is not unqualified. To make it inalienable would be to revert to slavery, and to fall into the most dangerous pitfall of collectivism. Employment is either a contractual agreement, in which both employee and employer have rights and responsibilities, or in those countries where the State guarantees jobs for all it ends up as a form of forced labor.

As the collectivists' concept of the right to work is developed in practice, I believe it inevitably:

1. Involves coercion as to where the individual may work.
2. Requires membership in a dominant organization as a prerequisite to holding desirable jobs.
3. Limits the number of apprentices, as a matter of course, where all labor is allotted to prescribed tasks.
4. Ends up with a nation-wide "closed shop."

5. In the early stages, makes arbitration compulsory in all collective-bargaining disputes. When bargaining has



PRESIDENT of the National [U.S.A.] Association of Manufacturers in 1945, Ira Mosher now chairs its executive committee. He once headed optical and cutlery firms, is now president of his own company, Ira Mosher Associates.

It Must Not Involve Coercion

Declares Ira Mosher

Past President, National Association of Manufacturers

thus fallen into the hands of the State, and private employment is destroyed, the State takes over. Compulsion remains. Bargaining is at an end.

6. Similarly, in the early stages, regulations artificially limiting productive efficiency are useful to collectivists, who come into power by undermining a free economy. But when the collectivists achieve total power, there is a right-about-face, and the "speed-up" begins.

7. Automatically abolishes the "open shop."

8. Under full-fledged collectivism, where the State puts everyone to work, there is a complete monopoly on employment. Under such conditions the State dictates terms and conditions of employment which leave the employee no choice and no appeal.

As we individualists see them, points one through six do unfairly limit the right to work in any economy—collectivist or free—whereas the open shop definitely safeguards the right to work. The eighth point makes a grim farce of the right to work in the total monopoly of a collectivist State.

The majority of people in a competitive economy—the so-called public, the employers, and the employees, both organized or unorganized—do not hold the collectivists' view of the right to work. Nor do they want the results of such a system developed to its logical end. Yet often many of those results can be observed in a country operating on a free- or competitive-economy basis.

I take the United States as [Continued on page 62]



"IT WAS a place where you could lie and watch swallows weaving back and forth."

The Eclipse of the Haymow

This Eden of yesterday will never be known to the sons of the Oil Age—and what a pity!

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

IF YOU'RE still on the sunny side of 50, and live in anything bigger than a tank town, haymows won't mean much to you. The very word "haymow" won't hold any glamour for you. They may still dot lonely farm lands and still shelter some sort of provender for Winter livestock, but to the urban youth of today haymows are as dead as the dodo, as obsolete as the spinning wheels and the crinolines of a lost generation. They were blown to bits, as a part of town life, by the internal-combustion engine.

Yet time was when they stood a fixed island of refuge for gregarious youth, a gathering place for boyhood gangs, a secret cave of illicit adventure. And when I foolishly try to turn back the clock of Time and think about my early days in the town of Chamboro, the first thing that comes to my addled old head is the odorous big haymow where I so willfully sought refuge when I played hooky from school or found sanctuary when I had an underripe cantaloupe or two—from Chamboro's chief constable's melon patch—to make away with in peace.

It was also, I remember, a place of silence where a castigated small boy might steal away to meditate on the injustices of a tyrannical and arbitrary-minded world, or where a slightly bigger boy, calamitously crossed in love, might phi-

losophize on the instability of a fair sex that was not always fair.

I think of cavernous gloom sabered by a blade of sunlight in which a million motes danced and glinted, of mounds of mixed timothy and clover that had a smell all their own, of a dim-lit and high-peaked cave with hewn crossbeams where you could lie and watch the barn swallows weaving back and forth in amorous dalliance, of a place where, after sliding down a none-too-stable water pipe and escaping the everydayness of parental walls, you could adventurously sleep out at night and pretend the prickle of timothy stalks didn't make you wish you were back on a hum-drum mattress.

From those same mow beams, in your more active moments, you could do swan dives and flip-flops into the cushioning hay, or play hide-and-seek in the shadowy corners, or forgather with your trusty followers and argue over the darksome doings of an undersized Secret Society whose members had all duly registered their fealty to a common cause by squeezing enough blood from a pricked finger to inscribe their names on a sadly misspelled yet impressively sanguinary Oath of Office. Or, on special occasions, you could turn the whole blessed mow into an arena of adventure where you out-Ringlinged Ringling Brothers and staged a circus so remarkable for its athletic feats that you almost forgot the absence of the customary big cats and brass band.

But all this, of course, won't mean much to boys who bend over

blueprints and consecrate their spare hours to the building of airplane models. For this poor, denuded, sadly cheated, and over-mechanized generation of today has no haymows. It doesn't even know the smell of one. All that is left to a small boy, in these degenerate times, is a cement-floored garage redolent of gasoline and carbon monoxide, a garage that has about as much mystery as a cellar coal bin streaked with oil drip. It makes me feel sorry for the youth of today. It saddens my heart and makes me wonder what the world is coming to. For boyhood without a haymow, I still contend, is like Hamlet without the Prince, or a duck without water, or holidays without a swimming hole. Boys and haymows belong together. For those close-boarded odorous caverns, it must be remembered, are not the place for girls. Girls, in fact, were exiled from our mows by a sedulously promulgated tradition that garter snakes loved to bask in barn-stored hay. And, besides, there were field mice and rats and spiders and all kinds of crawling things, so that even grown-up members of the petticoated sex seldom mounted the perilous ladder that led to a purely masculine Eden.

And as I look back on my boyhood, I realize that I got most of my education, my real education, in haymo...s. It was there I kept my white mice and learned the fecundity of rodents. It was there I dissected my first bullfrog and nailed to the door boards my first trapped muskrat skin and later emulated Franklin by generating electricity from a cat skin, the



"WE HAD tumblers in spangled tights—actually Winter underwear with paper stars pasted on itchy wool . . . aerial artists . . . a strong man."

aforementioned skin having been obtained from our rector's Maltese, caught red-handed in the act of robbing a barn swallow's nest. It was there I learned how to suck eggs and eat green apples with salt.

It was there too, I must shamefacedly confess, that I learned to smoke, blithely disregarding an ever-imminent fire hazard and a continuously irritated tongue tip, since my experiments along this line extended all the way from cedar bark and corn silk to the ribs of a family umbrella and two-thirds of an old rattan rocking chair. It was there, on rainy days, our gang dined secretly and luxuriously on ginger cookies and pickles and jellies purloined from mysteriously impoverished home pantries. It was there we learned how to make pigeon traps, and turn any good-sized door key with a hollow shank into a firing iron, and concoct gunpowder that would really explode.

BUT, most of all, it was there my happy confreres and I aspired to be acrobats, acquiring Charley horse through the strenuousness of our gymnastics and joint suppleness through the application of much angleworm oil. We mastered the muscle-grind on bars made from appropriated hayfork handles, and that torso-twisting acrobatic inversion known as skin-the-cat, and those explosions from a springboard known as a double flip-flop. We learned to swing from one broom-handle trapeze to another, going through the air with the greatest of ease—and bouncing like a football on our friendly floor of hay when we missed our catch.

Our most engaging adventures, in fact, had to do with the staging of circuses. Much of their appeal, I'm afraid, reposed in the fact that they were what might be called bootleg performances, strictly forbidden by the powers-that-be. But a haymow is to youth, or once was to youth, what a cave is to a smuggler. It is a harbor for the illicit. There, indeed, we even kept hidden away a pack of cards, wicked playing cards which in those Calvinistic days were strictly taboo. And it was in a haymow, since the reading of frivolous literature was equally forbidden, that I first

ventured into the fairyland of fiction, spelling out the big words in *The Count of Monte Cristo* while the chills went up and down my youthful spine and the placid hay munching of the stalled horses below me sounded for all the world like the beat of sea waves on the cliffs of Chateau D'If.

But to get back once again to our circuses:

The admission fee was customarily a penny a person, with ten pins for children in arms. We had tumblers in spangled tights—actually Winter underwear with paper stars pasted on the itchy wool—tumblers who did double-twisters over imaginary elephants, aerial artists who did prodigious acts of daring on the roof-peak trapezes, a strong man who could hang by his teeth, a fire-eater who consumed burning candles that were actually cylinders of apple meat with a lighted almond nut stuck in one end, and two burnt-cork Zulus who fought a duel to the death with wooden swords covered with tin foil and reddened, at the end, with raspberry vinegar. We also had a clown, a fellow of infinite jest with a well-chalked face and a putty nose, a sidesplitting Harlequin apparelled in red-flannel drawers and a polka-dot waist whose suspiciously maternal amplitude was capitalized by the insertion of numerous pillows; a clown who brought squeals of delight from the pop-eyed audience when he dropped mice—of chocolate—down his throat and then dove into the hay and captured a black-snake—of braided licorice strands—to horrify all beholders by calmly biting off its head and consuming the decapitated body.

But, as I have already explained, dull-spirited grownups didn't approve of those haymow assemblages. They worried about fires and falling accidents, and claimed tramped-up hay wasn't relished by carriage horses. So our circuses had to be about as secret as Camorra meetings in Serbia. It was that spirit of the surreptitious, I suspect, that gave zest to the enterprise. Promises of secrecy had to be exacted, guards had to be posted, and an aura of the unpredictable contributed a tang of high adventure to every performance that left the

timothy and clover a little flatter than before.

But one Summer afternoon, in my commodious Uncle George's commodious haymow, Pearl Harbor was anticipated by the enemy. Our guards had deserted their posts, inveigled into the audience by the antics of our clown trying to subdue and ride a bucking broncho, the broncho being two puffing and red-faced boys enveloped in a canvas covering to which a lop-eared horse's head of stuffed cotton had been attached. This broncho-busting sequence aroused such shouts and squeals of delight that they extended to older ears, and a hurried message, apparently, was sent on to distant avuncular ears. For in the midst of our hilarity the transforming figure of my indignant Uncle George appeared up the mow ladder, a look of determination on his face, a buggy whip in his hand.

The reaction to that intrusion was both prompt and widespread. As one man, the audience and the aerial artists, the canvas broncho and the fire-eater, the clown and the tumblers in spangled tights, made for the door at the far end of the mow.

That door was high above *terra firma*, but luckily it overlooked a large and receptive manure pile, a mildly steaming mound of cushioning softness into which a flurry of boys and girls suddenly cascaded. And having done so, they disappeared over back fences and dispersed throughout the startled neighborhood, a fimetarious gang of refugees who demanded much tubbing and scrubbing before the setting of the Summer sun.

BUT, alas, things like that can never happen again. They belong to the past, the past with its less hurried life and its more laggard methods of transportation. Yet, looking back at those neo-ethyl years, I feel rather sorry for the town boys of today. Not one in a hundred, I'm told, knows what a haymow means. They can be voluble enough about bimotored planes and 12-cylindereed cars and high-octane gasoline. But, poor denuded sons of mechanical science, they will never know that lost Eden where the barn swallows used to nest and the carefree *bandidi* of youth used to forgather.

You'll Hear More of UNESCO

By Lester B. Struthers

Assistant General Secretary and European Secretary, Rotary International; Zurich, Switzerland

It's now underway, seeking first to understand, then to change conditions that lead men to go to war.

ROTARY seeks to advance international understanding and goodwill—and that is likewise the purpose of UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. Hence, when at President Hedke's request I acted as Rotary's "observer" at the recent UNESCO meeting in Paris, it was not surprising to find other Rotarians there.

The roster of delegates was issued late, but a quick check-up revealed the following:

G. FRED McNALLY and R. K. LARMOUR, of Canada; T. C. TSEN, of China; G. MAGNEL, of Belgium; H. R. KRUYT and PHILIP IDENBURG, of The Netherlands; SENATOR SEBASTIAN, of The Philippines; and A. ROBERTS, of the Union of South Africa.

Forty-four nations were represented, only the Soviet Union of the big powers not participating. If press reports were sketchy, it doubtless was because this was an organization meeting without the dramatics that make what newspapermen call "news."

Members of the staff were overloaded with minor details of making this first session run as smoothly as possible. At the same time they were being overwhelmed with scores of ideas poured into the hopper for discussion. Members of delegations and representatives of groups of every sort offered proposals and suggestions on projects they thought UNESCO ought to undertake. These ranged from a proposal for a bird sanctuary in Heligoland to a survey of the tropical life and resources of the Amazon basin.

Very wisely, however, the delegates agreed that during its first year at least, UNESCO should confine itself to a few activities of immediate and useful importance. A list was prepared of projects deemed worthy of immediate study so that reports could be made at the next meeting, which will be held in Mexico City in November, 1947. Another

list was of long-range proposals.

The following *résumé* is not complete, but it will give some indication of UNESCO's sphere of interests and activities:

1. Combating of illiteracy.
2. Improvement of textbooks and other teaching material as aids in developing international understanding.
3. Removal of obstacles in the way of the developing of mass communications through the press, the film, the whole range of telecommunication, and postal services, as also censorship.
4. A universal copyright conference.
5. Establishment of a central international interlibrary loan system, with photographic reproductions on important wartime scientific developments.
6. Study of the problem of satisfactory living in the equatorial forest zone. UNESCO plans to coordinate researches by several nations on resources and condition of life in the Amazon forest—the so-called Hylean Amazon River Valley project—with a view to establishing an Equatorial Survey Institute.
7. Study of scientific problems arising in regions where a majority of the population is undernourished, as in India and China.
8. Study of tensions conducive to war.
9. Study of problems created by the impact of modern technological development upon social life and social institutions.
10. International exchange of students.
11. Study of a proposal for developing international-relation clubs among boys and girls of school age.

Rotarians will at once recognize many of these as activities with which our movement has long been concerned. Much interest was expressed at Paris in reports I was able to give on our experiences with Pan-American Clubs (first proposed, I believe, by Past International President Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, Brazil), with our achievements and present plans for student ex-

changes; and with other Rotary activities. Our work in the field of rehabilitation and relief was well known—and was mentioned more than once in meetings of the Commission on Rehabilitation and Reconstruction, as well as elsewhere.

UNESCO will serve in large measure as an international clearinghouse for all sorts of projects within its field. Through its Secretariat, headed by Julian S. Huxley, of Great Britain, its commissions, and its General Conference, important studies in many fields will be undertaken. Governmental, semigovernmental organizations, and nongovernmental international organizations will be looked upon as the agencies to carry out the projects in their several fields. Rotary was one of 55 such nongovernmental international organizations represented at Paris.

IF YOU have read articles about UNESCO in *THE ROTARIAN** and *'In the Minds of Men,'*† you will realize how interrelated, even identical in some cases, are objectives of Rotary and UNESCO. So in the days ahead you will hear more of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

Meanwhile, Rotary must continue many of the good things that it is doing, and develop others based on ideas it may receive as a result of the work UNESCO undertakes. Probably what Rotary does will be of a supporting or of an explanatory nature. Rotary may not gain much publicity or much public recognition for its participation in the work of UNESCO and yet it can do many things, through Rotary Clubs and Rotarians, that will usefully support those things that UNESCO is trying to do.

* UNESCO Is Born, by H. Raymond King, February, 1946; 'All Things Are Ready If Our Minds Be So,' by Ben M. Cherrington, October, 1946.

† Published by Rotary International (25 cents; in lots of 10 to 49, 15 cents each; 50 or more copies, 10 cents each), 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U. S. A.



Chagrin Valley



Ensures Its Future

ONE DAY in 1796 a party of surveyors on Lake Erie nosed their boat into a river on the Ohio shore. After some time on the site they discovered it wasn't the stream they sought and were deeply chagrined about their error. Ever since, that river has been known as the Chagrin and the 260 square miles of land it drains as Chagrin Valley.

Settlers followed those explorers. Farms appeared. Towns sprang up; today there are 11 communities in Chagrin Valley. Six years ago some of the business and professional men of those 11 villages formed a Rotary Club.

Though the new Club plunged at once into many worth-while projects, it dreamed of someday doing a piece of work that would benefit everybody in the Valley, then and in the future. After sifting many a proposal, the Club hit upon conservation as the great goal—the saving of the soil and woods and wildlife that make Chagrin Valley one of the most prosperous, peaceful, beautiful spots in Ohio.

But from what angle to attack? More facts were needed—and Dr. Clyde Leeper, a medic member of the Club, would get them. Commissioned to take a long look at Chagrin Valley, Rotarian Leeper donned breeches and boots, whistled to his huge red setter, Baron, and struck out across the fields.

For more than a year—it was then 1944—the doctor and his dog were an almost ever-present part of the landscape as they hiked along the Valley's lazy river, around its lakes, over its meadows, through its woods and towns.

DR. LEEPER and Baron. They covered 170,000 acres on a fact hunt.

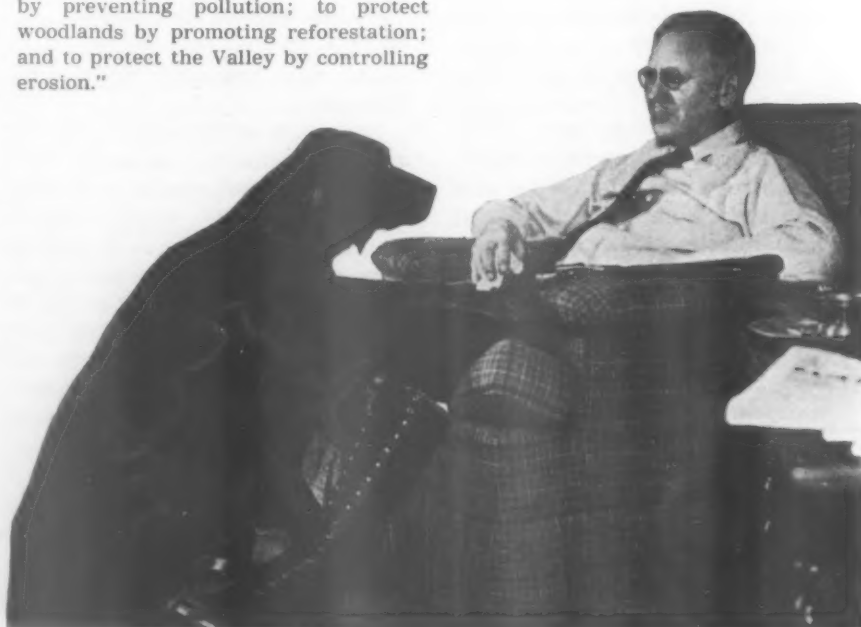
About some people along a lazy stream in Ohio who awoke in time to save their soil—and why.

"These 170,000 acres of ours are truly a garden spot and have suffered little from the hand of man," was the gist of his report. "We must, by all means, save them."

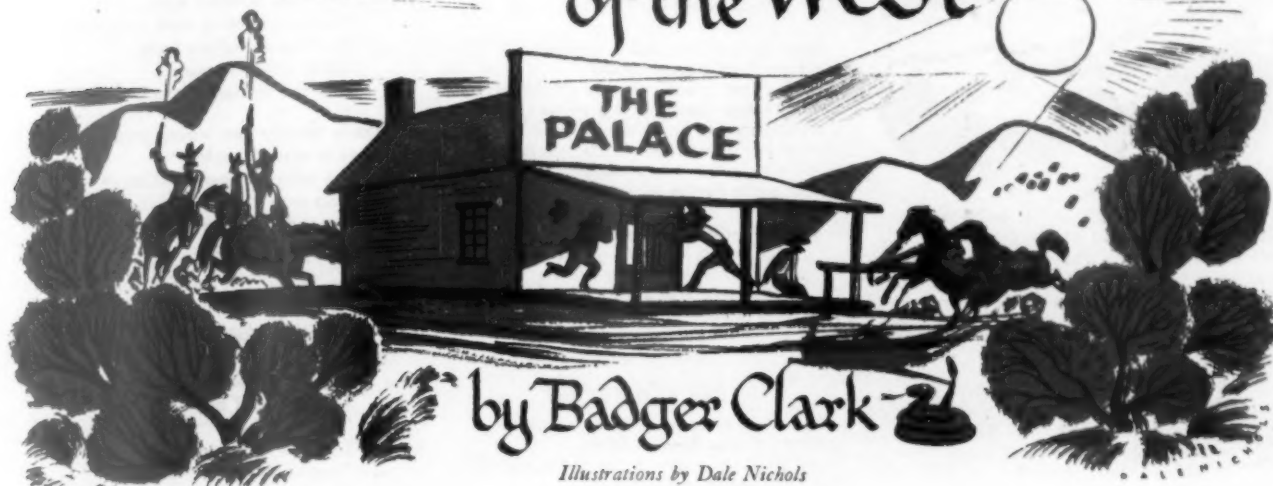
The Chagrin Valley Rotary Club then numbered 64 men. Should they take on the Valley-wide job alone? Absurd! Going quietly to Valley leaders outside Rotary, they dropped the conservation seed, and saw it sprout a few weeks later in the form of a new organization called the Chagrin Valley Association and pledged "to protect waterways by assuring sanitation; to protect wildlife by preventing pollution; to protect woodlands by promoting reforestation; and to protect the Valley by controlling erosion."

Made up of men and women—and soon children, too—hand-picked for their knowledge of and zeal for conservation, the Association is already double the size of its modest parent, the Rotary Club, and in its first year and a half has done much to check soil exhaustion. All 11 towns, neighboring Cleveland's park board, State conservation experts—everybody's behind it. The whole Valley has come awake to its priceless natural heritage—and that's all that matters to the Rotary Club.

—F. H. BLUMER



A Breath of the West



Illustrations by Dale Nichols

A Cowboy's Prayer

(Written for Mother)

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches
grow.

I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called
it good.

I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window
panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so com-
plete;

That I'm no slave of whistle, clock, or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in
town,

But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the
rains,

Free as the hawk that circles down the
breezel

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great
Divide.

These poems by Badger Clark are re-
produced from his book *Sun and Saddle
Leather*, by permission of the publishers,
Chapman & Grimes, Boston, Massachusetts.

Bacon

You're salty and greasy and smoky as sin
But of all grub we love you the best.
You stuck to us closer than nighest of kin
And helped us win out in the West,
You froze with us up on the Laramie trail;
You sweat with us down at Tucson;
When Injun was painted and white man
was pale

You nerved us to grip our last chance by
the tail
And load up our Colts and hang on.

You've sizzled by mountain and mesa and
plain

Over campfires of sagebrush and oak;
The breezes that blow from the Platte to
the main

Have carried your savory smoke.

You're friendly to miner or puncher or
priest;

You're as good in December as May;
You always came in when the fresh meat
had ceased

And the rough course of empire to west-
ward was greased
By the bacon we fried on the way.

Here's to you, old bacon, fat, lean streak,
and rin',

All the Westerners join in the toast,
From mesquite and yucca to sagebrush
and pine,

From Canada down to the Mexican Line,
From Omaha out to the coast!



The Glory Trail

(High-Chin Bob)

'Way high up the Mogollons,
Among the mountain tops,
A lion cleaned a yearlin's bones
And licked his thankful chops,
When on the picture who should ride,
A-trippin' down a slope,
But High-Chin Bob, with sinful pride
And mav'rick hungry rope.

"Oh, glory be to me," says he,
"And fame's unfadin' flowers!
All meddlin' hands are far away;
I ride my good top-hawse today
And I'm top-rope of the Lazy J—
Hil kitty cat, you're ours!"

That lion licked his paw so brown
And dreamed soft dreams of veal—
And then the circlin' loop sung down
And roped him 'round his meal.
He yowled quick fury to the world
Till all the hills yelled back;
The top-hawse gave a snort and whirled
And Bob caught up the slack.

"Oh, glory be to me," laughs he,
"We hit the glory trail.
No human man as I have read
Darst loop a ragin' lion's head,
Nor ever hawse could drag one dead
Until we told the tale."

'Way high up the Mogollons
That top-hawse done his best,
Through whippin' brush and rattlin' stones,
From canyon floor to crest.
But ever when Bob turned and hoped
A limp remains to find,
A red-eyed lion, belly roped
But healthy, loped behind.

"Oh, glory be to me," grunts he.
"This glory trail is rough,
Yet even till the Judgment Morn
I'll keep this dally 'round the horn,
For never any hero born
Could stoop to holler: 'Nuff!' "

Three suns had rode their circle home
Beyond the desert's rim,



And turned their star-herds loose to roam
The ranges high and dim;
Yet up and down and 'round and 'cross
Bob pounded, weak and wan,
For pride still glued him to his hawse
And glory drove him on.

"Oh, glory be to me," sighs he.
"He kain't be drug to death,
But now I know beyond a doubt
Them heroes I have read about
Was only fools that stuck it out
To end of mortal breath."

'Way high up the Mogollons
A prospect man did swear
That moon dreams melted down his bones
And hoisted up his hair:
A ribby cow-hawse thundered by,
A lion trailed along,
A rider, ga'nt but chin on high,
Yelled out a crazy song.

"Oh, glory be to me!" cries he,
"And to my noble noose!
Oh, stranger, tell my pards below
I took a rampin' dream in tow,
And if I never lay him low,
I'll never turn him loose!"

Ridin'

There is some that like the city—
Grass that's curried smooth and green,
Theatres and stranglin' collars,
Wagons run by gasoline—
But for me it's hawse and saddle
Every day without a change,
And a desert sun a-blazin'
On a hundred miles of range.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin'—
Desert ripplin' in the sun,
Mountains blue along the skyline—
I don't envy anyone
When I'm ridin'.

When my feet is in the stirrups
And my hawse is on the bust,
With his hoofs a-flashin' lightnin'
From a cloud of golden dust,
And the bawlin' of the cattle
Is a-comin' down the wind
Then a finer life than ridin'
Would be mighty hard to find

Just a-ridin', a-ridin'—
Splittin' long cracks through the air,
Stirrin' up a baby cyclone,
Rippin' up the prickly pear
As I'm ridin'.

I don't need no art exhibits
When the sunset does her best,
Paintin' everlastin' glory
On the mountains to the west
And your opery looks foolish
When the night bird starts his tune

And the desert's silver mounted
By the touches of the moon.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin',
Who kin envy kings and czars
When the coyotes down the valley
Are a-singin' to the stars,
If he's ridin'?

When my earthly trail is ended
And my final bacon curled
And the last great roundup's finished
At the Home Ranch of the world,
I don't want no harps nor haloes,
Robes nor other dressed-up things—
Let me ride the starry ranges
On a pinto hawse with wings!

Just a-ridin', a-ridin'—
Nothin' I'd like half so well
As a-roundin' up the sinners
That have wandered out of hell,
And a-ridin'.

The Westerner

My fathers sleep on the sunrise plains,
And each one sleeps alone.
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains,
For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claim to their blood and name,
But I lean on no dead kin;
My name is mine, for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born
And the world is mine to win.

They built high towns on their old log sills,
Where the great, slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rock from the savage
hills

I'll build as they only dreamed.
The smoke scarce dies where the trail
camp lies,
Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
Or the way he makes his prayer.
I grant him a white man's room on earth
If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate;
If he cheats I drop him flat.
Old class and rank are a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I,
And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid State
That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon
That I ask my God to spare
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze
And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here, where the bright skies
blaze

Over me and the big today.
What good to me is a vague "maybe"
Or a mournful "might have been,"
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born
And the world is mine to win.

Freightin'

Forty miles from Taggart's store,
Fifty yet to grind,
Heavin' six strung out before,
Trailer snubbed behind;
Half a world of glarin' sand
Prayin' for a tree,

Nothin' movin' 'cross the land
But the sun and me.

Chuck an' luck! luck an' chuck!
Grunts the workin' wheels;
Lazy gust swirls up the dust
From the hawses' heels.
I've been young and raced and snug,
But I've learnt my load.
Slow, slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Where the sky line waves and breaks
Shines a misty beach
And the blue of ripplin' lakes—
Lakes no man kin reach.
Just beyond my leaders' bits
Winds the life I know,
Ruts and 'royos, hills and pits
In a day-long row.

Chuck an' luck! luck an' chuck!
Life's more miss than hit.
Luck's the thing I dream and sing,
Chuck is all I git!
'Neath the sky I crawl and fry
Like the horny toad.
Slow, slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

When I reach that sparklin' line
Where the ripples run,
There'll be just this road of mine
And the dust and sun.
Mebbe on my last far hill,
Where the dream mist clears,
I'll be freightin', freightin' still
Down the road of years.

Chuck an' luck! luck an' chuck!
Sky lines mostly lie,
Yet they beat the limp mesquite
That goes trailin' by.
Luck enough to move my stuff—
More I've never knowed.
Slow, slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Slim and far our shadow swings;
Sun is on his knees.
Someone's campin' at the springs—
Smell it down the breeze.
Chuck time, boys, and sleep besides,
When we've chomped our hay.
Durn your dusty, trusty hides!
You've sho' earned your pay.

Chuck an' luck! luck an' chuck!
Grunts the weary wheels;
Dreams untold and sunset gold,
Cussin' sweat and meals.
If you kin, Lord, let me win,
But I'll move my load.
Slow, slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.



Trailing the First Americans

They arrived over the Alcan route some 25,000 years ago—so the new road is also the continent's oldest.

By Frank C. Hibben

Professor of Archaeology, University of New Mexico; Rotarian, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

THE ALCAN (Alaska-Canada) Highway was opened to Army travel in November, 1943. As the first truck convoys labored over the muddy ruts and soft fills, the men at their wheels may have felt like pioneers, but they weren't the first to traverse this wild waste. Actually this highway is the oldest in the New World, for human beings had passed this way 25,000 years before Christ.

They came from Asia. Almost certainly they came dry shod over a land bridge. Today there are but 56 miles of open water between Alaska and Siberia, but 25,000 or so years ago so much of the earth's moisture was heaped up in glaciers that the sea level was much lower than it now is—undoubtedly enough lower to make an isthmus of the shallow waters of Bering Strait. In those dim

THE author with a prehistoric bison skull found in an Alaskan muck bed.



days the fourth great glacier, called the Wisconsin, was slowly melting. Lush vegetation sprang up along its southern fringe, attracting myriad animals—extinct species of horse, camel, musk ox, mastodon, woolly mammoth, and others.

On their heels came man, cold, furtive, hungry, hunting.

Naturally, sunshine beckoned, and successive waves of transplanted Asiatic tribesmen drifted, or were pushed, south. Rough country blocked the seacoast, so they moved along the eastern side of the continent's backbone where the highest mountain pass is only 4,000 feet above sea level. This is the route of the Alcan Highway—the oldest thoroughfare in the New World.

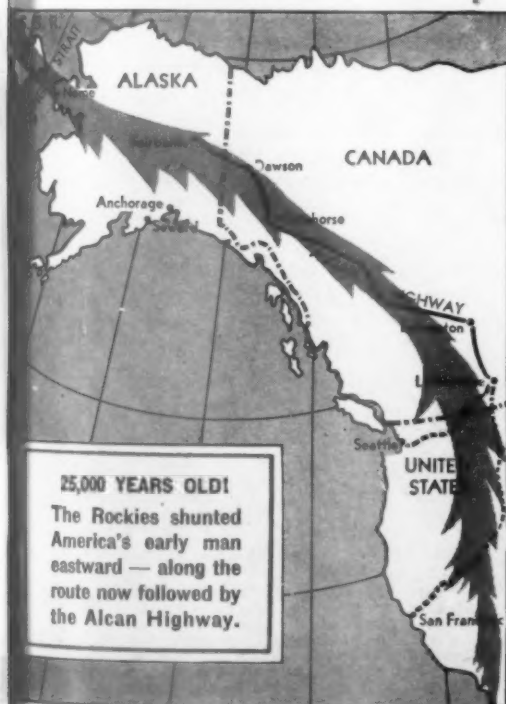
We found out just how old shortly before World War II. In spite of the seeming antiquity of Mayan ruins in Yucatan, or the remains of the old Aztec civilization in Mexico, human beings have been adjudged "Johnny come lately" in the Americas. Indeed, in the early 1920s few scholars reckoned the advent of New World man much before the time of Christ.

Then one day in 1925 a Negro cowboy named George McJunkin found a few flint spearheads in the cut bank of an arroyo near Folsom, New Mexico. They were different from any he had ever seen. These had a groove running

up either side, in the manner of a bayonet. But what astounded Dr. J. D. Figgins, the Colorado scientist who studied them, was that these flint points were found amidst bones of a type of bison that had not roamed the plains for 10,000 years!

Scholars were electrified. They flocked to the discovery site. With their own trowels they poked about the arroyos and turned up more "Folsom points." Newspapers spread the word, and soon Folsom flints were reported from other Western States. Letters from ranchers and arrowhead collectors who had uncovered side-grooved spearheads sent archaeologists scurrying to many new sites. Near Clovis, New Mexico, bones and debris were found throughout an area extending several miles—certainly an ancient camping ground. Remains of another large encampment of Folsom men were discovered on the Lindenmeier Ranch in northeastern Colorado.

A student at the University of New Mexico, who had been spending week-ends exploring caves in the Sandia Mountains near Albuquerque, added another scene to the unfolding drama. This young man, Kenneth Davis, one Monday morning brought to the Museum Laboratory a cigar box of promising oddments found in a cavern. Archaeologists explored it and discovered indubitable evidence that Ice Age hunters had killed the



now extinct mammoth, camel, and horse and dragged their meat back to their cave home and had cooked it there.

This cave had been inhabited twice, excavation revealed. On the surface we found Folsom flints mingled with the debris. Beneath it was another cave floor, likewise littered with bones and charcoal from ancient fires. But the spear-points found here were not Folsom points. These were crudely chipped, without the distinctive Folsom grooves, and with a shoulder or notch at the base. Professor Kirk Bryan, of Harvard University, worked out the chronology and concluded human beings, whom we call Sandia men, lived in that cavern 25,000 years ago!

That was an answer to the question: How long has man been on the Continent? But indubitable proof that he crossed the Bering Strait and followed the route of the modern Alcan Highway was not slow in coming. As discoveries in the Southwest were reported by



KEYS TO the mystery of the American Indian—the fluted Folsom point (at right) and the longer and more ancient Sandia point.

newspapers and magazines, promising information and suggestions developed in Canada. Folsom points were discovered at various places along the eastern slope of the Rockies, especially in the region near the small town of Mortlach, in Saskatchewan. Amateur archaeologists in that Province and in Alberta soon had evidence that Sandia and Folsom men had passed that way.

They were proved right. But we lost the trail in the swamps and vast stretches of uncut forest of Northern Canada. Evidences of campfires kindled by ancient men and the bones of the animals they had killed were covered by the accumulations of mud and dirt of the last thousands of years. In the Canadian North no plow had cut through these earth coverings. No arroyos had bitten deep to reveal the story beneath. But fortunately we picked up the trail of the earliest Americans again in Alaska.

Dr. Froelich Rainey, of the University of Alaska, who had been working near Fairbanks, had his attention drawn to several flint points in the frozen muck deposits. These banks, he said, contained bones of extinct animals of the same variety with which the earliest Americans had been associated farther south. Here was a clue!

Spurred by Dr. Rainey's discoveries and by a Folsomlike point found in a curio store in Ketchikan, Alaska, the University of New Mexico outfitted an expedition to trail these ancient American hunters to their northernmost source. This was in 1940, two years before the Alcan Highway was started.

For weeks we searched the muck pits which gold miners had dug in the vicinity of Fairbanks. Dr. Rainey was right. Washed from this frozen stuff by the hydraulic jets of the miners were remains of the extinct animals associated with Folsom and Sandia men in New Mexico. We found tons of bones, even bits of hides and decaying flesh, of the mammoth and mastodon, bison, camel, and horse.

But where were evidences of the humans? We felt sure that somewhere entombed in this vast natural icebox we must stumble across proof that ancient man was here also. And then one day we found it: a flint point still frozen in place close beside the carcass of an ancient Alaskan lion that had not prowled in the Yukon Valley since the Ice Age had come to a close.

Here at last was the evidence of our earliest of hunters as clearly as though we had seen the man himself throw this flint spear

which may have killed this same lion.

Not far from the Yukon Valley at Chinitna Bay we found a camping place of these prehistoric hunters. Extending along the upper edge of the beach were the usual bones and flint fragments. There was also the charcoal from their cooking fires, perhaps some of the first flames that had been kindled in North or South America. In the dank mucks of the Fairbanks gold mines and at Chinitna Bay we found the other end of the Alcan Highway, the ancient one.

THESE earliest of Americans had travelled across Bering Strait hunting the mammoth and the bison. They had made their way up the Yukon Valley and by the low passes and rolling hills to the Mackenzie Valley through which they travelled south by easy stages to the plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Thence they fanned south—and on throughout the Americas.

Although we now know the route by which the first Americans entered the continent, and we know the flint weapons they carried, we still have not solved all the mysteries of that ancient era. We have never found a skeleton of a Folsom or a Sandia man. In the Sandia Cave or in the many camping places of the early hunters not a single fragment of human bone has come to light. We still do not know what these earliest settlers looked like or what they did with their dead.

Somewhere along the Alcan Highway may be the solution of this mystery. A tourist may find it—perhaps you, Mr. ROTARIAN Reader, if, say, after the Convention in San Francisco next June, you venture to the far north.* You may spot it where the road cuts through a low hill. Or on a lake shore or along a river bank you may come across remains of one of the earliest travellers on the Alcan route, with a Folsom or Sandia spearhead by his side to show who he was and when he passed that way.

* But consult tourist agencies first for latest information. At the time this is written the Canadian Government is barring the Alcan Highway to all except local residents and hunting parties accompanied by approved guides. At best it is a long way between filling stations along the Alcan Highway.—Eds.

The FALL and RISE of the NAVAJO

Behind what tourists see is the drama of the white man's impact on a minority group.

By George Fitzpatrick

Editor, New Mexico Magazine

STANDING at the counter in an Indian trading post in the Navajo country of western New Mexico, I watched a brightly costumed Navajo (the "j" is given an "h" sound, in case you didn't know).

She pointed to a candy bar. It was handed to her. She gave a nickel in exchange. She pointed to a box of matches. The trader got the matches off a back shelf and pushed them across the counter to the woman. She paid. She looked over the shelves casually and slowly. The trader waited. She said something in high-pitched monosyllables. The man behind the counter answered in kind and got a can of tomatoes off the shelf. He said something more in Navajo. The woman giggled. She paid for the tomatoes, and looked over the stock again. Next it was a can of peaches . . . and then other items. She paid for each as she received it. Finally and at long last she concluded her shopping with a bottle of what to all the Navajos is a nectar of



THIS NAVAJO maiden is curious about the strange thing tourists are always pointing at her! She's wearing more jewelry than usual, probably hoping to sell it. But seldom is a Navajo—man or woman—without some example of the silversmith's art. To them it is real wealth, for it is the result of work of hands, not the green ink on paper called money by white men.

Photos: (right) N. Mex. State Tourist Bureau;
(below) Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.



EVERYONE knows about Navajo rugs. You can buy them at any airport or railroad station or along the road in the Southwest. Pottery, usually on sale, is made by Pueblo Indians, who are desert neighbors of the Navajos.

WHEN the Navajo youth goes courting, he may not wear his best clothes, but he's sure to bring his best pinto pony.



Photos: N. Mex. State Tourist Bureau

the gods—the white man's sparkling soda pop.

That's typical. Visit any of the trading posts scattered over their 16-million-acre Reservation in New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah and you'll see the scene I've described. It makes no difference—a 10-cent purchase or a large one involving unused credit on a rug or silver jewelry that has been sold or wool that has been traded. No Navajo out shopping is ever in a hurry.

And why? Because at the trading post they meet friends. Keeping up personal and tribal ties is a part of the ingrained tradition of the Navajo. They are a proud, self-contained folk, a fact woven into their lore and frozen into their language, for to themselves they are *Dineh*—translated "*The People*."

In the old days they were the terror of the agricultural tribes that still dwell picturesquely in pueblos around Santa Fe, New Mexico. They raided Mexicans and Americans with impunity also until Uncle Sam took notice and despite Civil War demands for troops sent General Kit Carson, the famous frontiersman, out to stop them. He did—in a sanguine campaign that reduced the Navajos to 8,000 misery-laden, hungry men, women, and children. Old tribesmen still live who can recall their "long walk" to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where for four unhappy years they were interned. When released, they were poor and sick, despondent and bitter. The Government gave them sheep and wagons, some food and equipment.

Some tribes would have gone on down and by this time would be almost forgotten. But not *Dineh*! They returned to the semi-desert country they loved, setting up homes near water holes and along the muddy San Juan River that feeds the mighty Colorado. They again became the semi-nomads they were by heritage



DESERT MADONNA. This Navajo mother has learned at school how to care for her baby the white man's way. In the shade of shelters like this, Navajo women weave rugs—and gossip. A typical hogan (house), above, always faces east. If anyone dies within, the habitation is immediately abandoned and its occupants build an entirely new one.

and preference, grazing their sheep wherever good grass beckoned. The women took up weaving and the men learned from the Spanish Americans how to make jewelry from silver. Today the fewer than 8,000 Navajos of the 1860s have grown to more than 55,000 and are the fastest-growing ethnic element in the United States.

As well as the delight of the camera-clicking tourist. If you drive west to Rotary's Convention in San Francisco (June 8-12), you'll begin to see them about an hour after you leave Albuquerque. Near Gallup their numbers increase, for here the Reservation begins. For about 160 miles, U. S. Highway 66 and the Santa Fe Railroad will skirt the southern edge of this great, primitive desert domain.

Your first Navajo probably will be a lone horseman in the distance, his body seemingly a part of his pony. Closer, you will see a face that somehow expresses the sweep of the landscape, a Stetson hat or a mop of black hair encircled by a colored band, a bright silk or velveteen blouse, and close-fitting blue denim trousers—known as "levis" throughout the Southwest. Navajo men proudly wear the silver jewelry they have made—and so do the women! Their bosoms are heavy with it, usually set off with turquoise. They too like velveteen blouses, and their skirts are long and full—a style copied from officers' wives at old Fort Sumner in Civil War days. Old fashioned, yes—but see a Navajo woman mount her pony and you'll agree it's practical too!

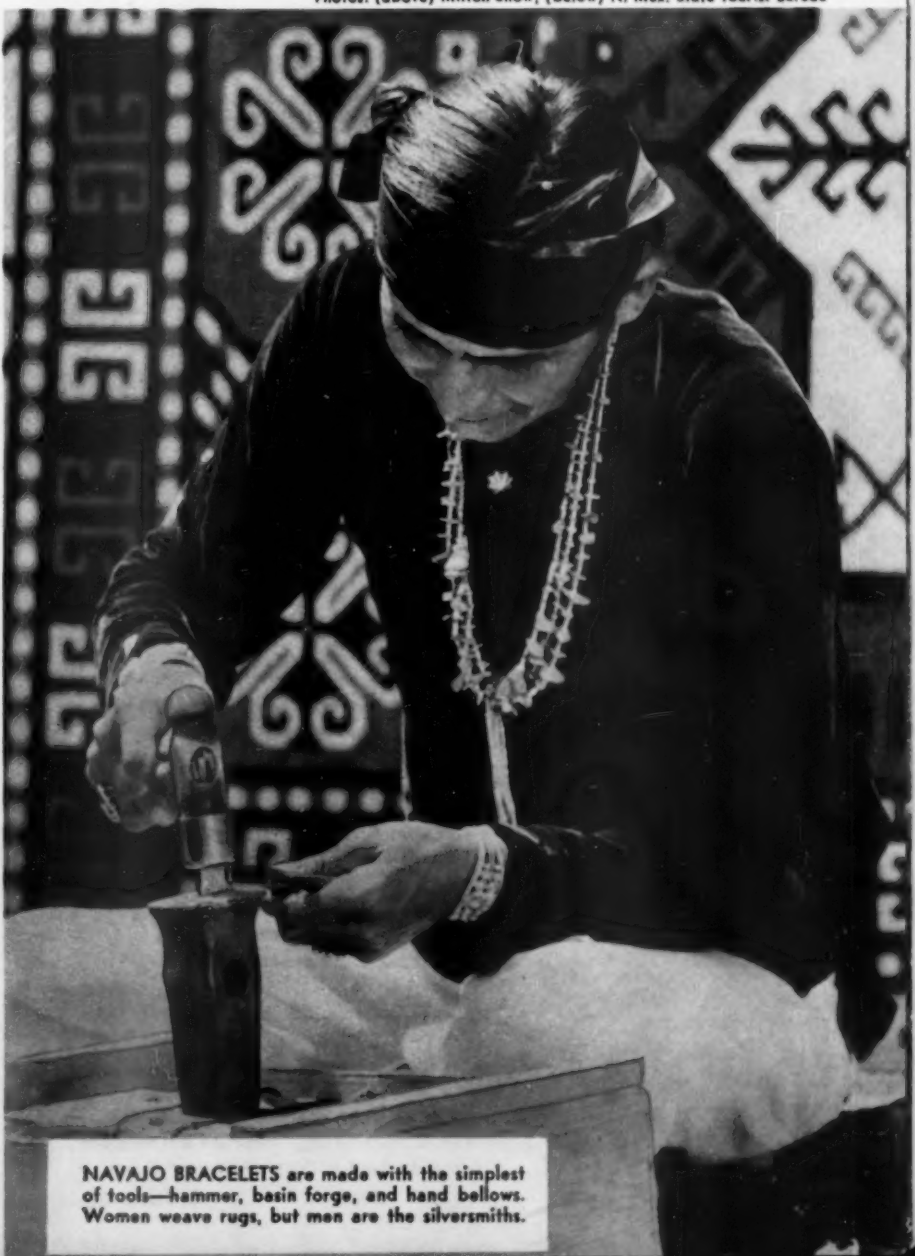
Hogan is a word you'll soon learn in the Navajo country. It means "house." And the Navajo house is something to study. Usually built of dirt and stone with a corbelled roof covered by the same material, it is not an architectural triumph. But the Navajo finds it suited to his needs. Easily built, what if it must be abandoned—as it must be when someone dies within? You can always tell your directions without a compass in Navajoland, for *hogan* doors invariably face east. Usually you will find a crude shelter of poles near-by under which you will glimpse a weaver patiently making those brightly patterned rugs which are a part of the stock-in-trade of every curio dealer in the West.

The best time to see the Navajos—and other Southwest Indians—is mid-August when [Continued on page 67]



GERALD NAILOR, educated Navajo widely known among modern artists, paints a portrait of Chief Chee Dodge on the wall of the tribal Council House at Window Rock, N. Mex.

Photos: (above) Milton Snow; (below) N. Mex. State Tourist Bureau



NAVAJO BRACELETS are made with the simplest of tools—hammer, basin forge, and hand bellows. Women weave rugs, but men are the silversmiths.



HERE IS PEACE

A vast calm dwells in these Rockies—and that was what gave Rotarians the idea of establishing Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park.

WHAT A DAY it was when the mountains were born!

The new earth, molten and fuming, had begun to cool. As it cooled it shrank . . . and as it shrank, great wrinkles bulged up in its hardening crust. Gigantic planes of rock, upended by the crush, inched higher and higher

into the sky. At last the fury abated, and then came eons of winds and rains to blunt a little this jagged chaos.

In few places on earth was the fury fiercer, one can guess, than in the Rocky Mountains of North America. To look at them is to believe that . . . and yet to look

at these peaks is to think not of their violent beginnings, but rather of the absolute tranquillity they have achieved.

Moved perhaps by such feelings, the people of the United States in 1910 staked out a square of the Rocky Mountains in northern Montana and named it Glacier National Park. It should be forever safe from ax and pick and open to all who would enjoy its magnificent beauties. Just next door the people of Canada were marking out a similar piece of the rugged land in the Province of Alberta. This they called Waterton Lakes National Park.

A line known only to surveyors separated these two parks. You could hike, ski, or row over that line—as increasing thousands of visitors were doing—and never know it. It was, of course, the U. S.-Canadian boundary.

To a little Rotary Club which had been formed in the town of Cardston, Alberta, in 1929, the natural oneness of these two great playgrounds seemed a fact deserving acclamation. So—on July 4, 1931, they called together in Waterton Lakes Park a goodwill meeting of 100 Rotarians from towns in Alberta and Montana and proposed that the U. S. and

*Waterton and Glacier, lovers hand in hand,
Brows kissed by dawn, eager faces fanned
By winds attuned like some strange spirit choir,
Soft now with dreaming, rolling now with fire;
In these vast haunts of quietude
Man shall find rest, an healing interlude.
Here seasons come, grow old and pass—
The snows, the vivid flowers, the browning grass;
Age finds sweet solace, youth a constant sign
Of courage written in each rock and pine.
Here mighty glaciers send their floods away
South to the Gulf, northward to the Bay;
Here deep lakes call, Olympian mountains rise
To love their peaks in liquid, lilac skies,
And canyons green are filled with friendly things
That still our petty fears and wonderings.
Here men of neighbor nations meet
To make the bond of fellowship complete;
And from this spot shall kinship's ties increase
Blessing the land in this new birth of Peace.*

—C. Frank Steele

Waterton-Glacier

Peace Park



CUPPED in a twelve-mile hollow between jagged peaks, Waterton Lake sits astride the international border.

MIGHTY tongues of ice once swept these mountains. Grinnell Glacier is typical of the remnants remaining.

Photo (right): Great Northern Railway

Canadian Governments be petitioned "to establish the two parks as a permanent International Peace Park." Embracing 1,754 square miles of majestic serenity, it would symbolize the peace that has endured along the whole 3,000-mile-long international border for more than a century. A year later 2,000 people gathered to witness a ceremony proclaiming the establishment of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. Four years later more thousands assembled to see the Park's "Consummation and Dedication."

Many had dreamed this dream, but Rotarians had brought it to earth—and Rotarians continue to work with it. Chairman of the Park's international executive committee and a guiding spirit in its establishment is Canon S. H. Middleton, a Cardston Rotarian. All nine of his Committeemen are Rotarians—among them Past International President Tom J. Davis, of Butte, Montana.

There are other peace parks now on this and other international borders, for Waterton-Glacier, the first one in the world, stirred men's imaginations. If your path to or from Rotary's 38th Annual Convention in San Francisco next June takes you anywhere near it, naturally you will want to stop. You may be just in time for the dedication in July of two huge Rotary cairns or markers, astride the border.

And as you walk among the 60 glaciers and 300 lakes of this high land, you may pause and sigh: "Here, at last, is peace."



Get Acquainted with

AFRICA

You recall its rôle in the recent war.
Now read about the peacetime prospects
of this second largest of continents.

By Richard C. Currie

Past Director of Rotary International,
Johannesburg, South Africa

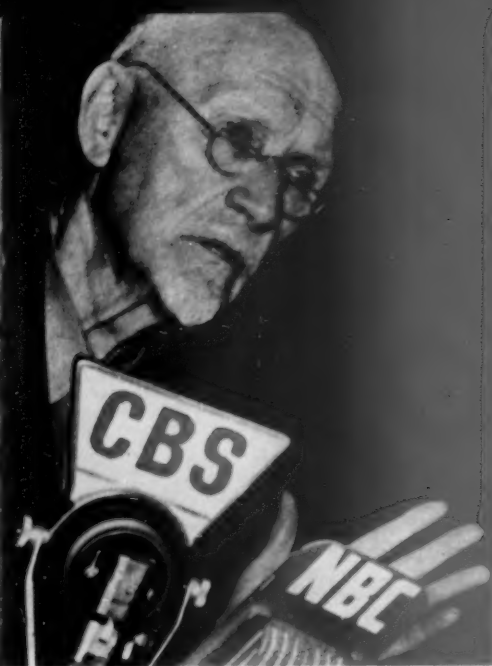
EVERYTIME you lift a cup of coffee to your lips, you toast Africa. The berry from which the brown brew derives is said to have originated in the Ethiopian highlands.

Everytime you talk of Timbuktu . . . or watch a gorilla or a chimpanzee in the zoo . . . or call a land journey a "trek," you likewise make contact with the once "Dark Continent." For Timbuktu is a town of 6,000 in French West Africa . . . the gorilla and chimpanzee are strictly African chaps . . . and the word "trek" harks back to the "Great Trek" which the South African Dutch made from the Cape Colony into the unknown interior in 1836. In their tongue, to trek means to travel.

There are 10,000 things that link you, on whatever continent you live, to us of Africa. Things like diamonds and gold, some

"crosses row on row," palm oil, wild animals, the story of Moses in the bulrushes, cocoa, the pyramids, Victoria Falls, and Rhodes scholarships. It is time, it seems to me, that we become better acquainted. Indeed, it is *high* time, for soon any man anywhere on earth who has the price of a ticket will be able to reach Africa within three days—by air. And once he knows more of its vast natural wealth which is crying for development, of its magnificent scenery and the wildlife that awaits his enjoyment, he *will* come.

"I didn't have much time to 'read up' on Africa during my flight over here," you say to me as we sip a glass of choice South African sherry in the lounge of the Carlton Hotel here in Johannesburg. "Won't you give me a quick preview of the continent, and also tell me a little about the



Official UN photo

"JANNIE" is the affectionate nickname by which the people of the Union of South Africa know their famous Prime Minister. Officially, of course, he's Field Marshal The Rt. Hon. Jan Christiaan Smuts. He is seen as he helped found the United Nations.

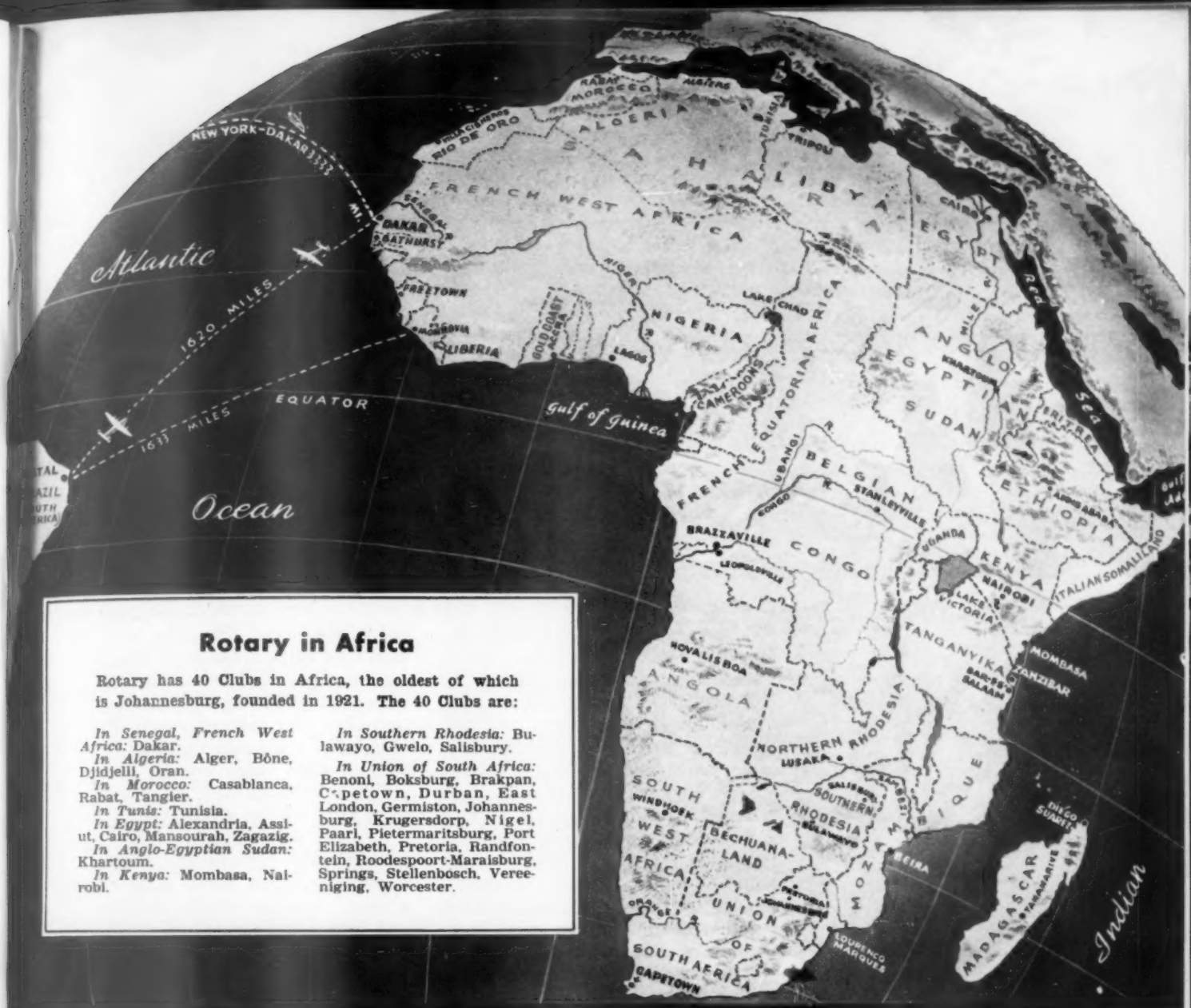


Photo: Black Star

AFRICA has modern cities, this being a typical sample of Johannesburg buildings.

YET near these urban centers, in places like Kruger Park, lions share the road.





Rotary in Africa

Rotary has 40 Clubs in Africa, the oldest of which is Johannesburg, founded in 1921. The 40 Clubs are:

In Senegal, French West Africa: Dakar.

In Algeria: Alger, Bône, Djidjelli, Oran.

In Morocco: Casablanca, Rabat, Tangier.

In Tunis: Tunisia.

In Egypt: Alexandria, Assiut, Cairo, Mansourah, Zagazig.

In Anglo-Egyptian Sudan: Khartoum.

In Kenya: Mombasa, Nairobi.

In Southern Rhodesia: Bulawayo, Gwelo, Salisbury.

In Union of South Africa: Benoni, Boksburg, Brakpan, Capetown, Durban, East London, Germiston, Johannesburg, Krugersdorp, Nigel, Paarl, Pietermaritzburg, Port Elizabeth, Pretoria, Randfontein, Roodespoort-Maralsburg, Springs, Stellenbosch, Vereeniging, Worcester.

status of Rotary in District 55?"

"On the latter half of your request I can oblige," I answer, "but give a 'quick preview' of a piece of earth 5,000 miles long and equally wide? Only a person out of his senses would try that! Here goes! Understand this, however. While I have circled Africa on steamships, crisscrossed it by air, and motored into its interior, I still know little about much of it. Limit me largely to Africa-below-the-equator, or, better still, to the Union of South Africa with its 472,550 square miles of high veld, low veld, mountain range, and karoo, and I will have a go at it."

You nod, we light up a couple of "C to C's," and then begins a monologue that goes about like this:

Africa, as everyone knows, is big. It is so big that you could drop Canada, the United States,

Mexico, and Australia all inside it and have some room left over. It is so big that people in Tunis, up there on the Mediterranean, are nearer by sea to New York than to Capetown.

It's so big that it handily contains a desert which in itself is almost as large as the United States. The Sahara, of course. "Sahara," by the way, is an Arabic word meaning "wilderness," a term that describes this great desolate area much better than "desert." Only in Libya is it largely sand. Elsewhere in its reach nearly from coast to coast across upper Africa it is dotted with oases which are built around artesian wells and bordered by date palms—refreshing havens for both man and beast.

It's big—this second largest of the six continents—and it's also very various. There are spots in

the Sahara where the annual rainfall is 5 to 6 inches a year; a few hundred miles south in the Cameroon Mountains it's 400 inches a year—more than an inch of rain a day. Vegetation naturally takes its cue from such conditions, nothing growing unless watered in the Sahara; everything growing in the equatorial belt.

Dense "rain forests," as they are known, lie like a wide green band almost across Africa's equatorial waist. Have you a piece of African mahogany in your home? Here's where it came from. Mountains?—we have them, too—though, by and large, Africa is the flattest of the continents. We have some 14,000-foot peaks in the Northwest, some 19,000 foot-ers in East Africa, and others of considerable loftiness and often snowcapped scattered elsewhere. The mere mention of the Nile, the

Map by Ben Albert Benson



Photo: Publishers Photo Service

ONE OF EARTH'S MOST AWESOME SPECTACLES—VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBEZI RIVER IN RHODESIA. LIVINGSTON FOUND THEM IN 1855.

Congo, the Niger, and the Zambezi will take care of the rivers. Except that businessmen will be disturbed to know that few of these mighty streams are yet turning hydroelectric-plant turbines. But coal we have in abundance and it generates our cheap electric power.

For its size, Africa is thinly peopled. The best guess is that about 160 million people live here. Most of them are black. Altogether the 160 million speak hundreds of different languages and dialects and constitute one of the most heterogeneous collections of mankind on earth. They are Hamites, Semites, Sudanese Negroes, Bantu Negroes, Pygmies, Bushmen, Hottentots, Hovas, Euro-

peans, and so on. The little bushman who gathers his meat with a bow and poisoned arrow and the European who has his dinner sent up to his very modern apartment both share the same continent.

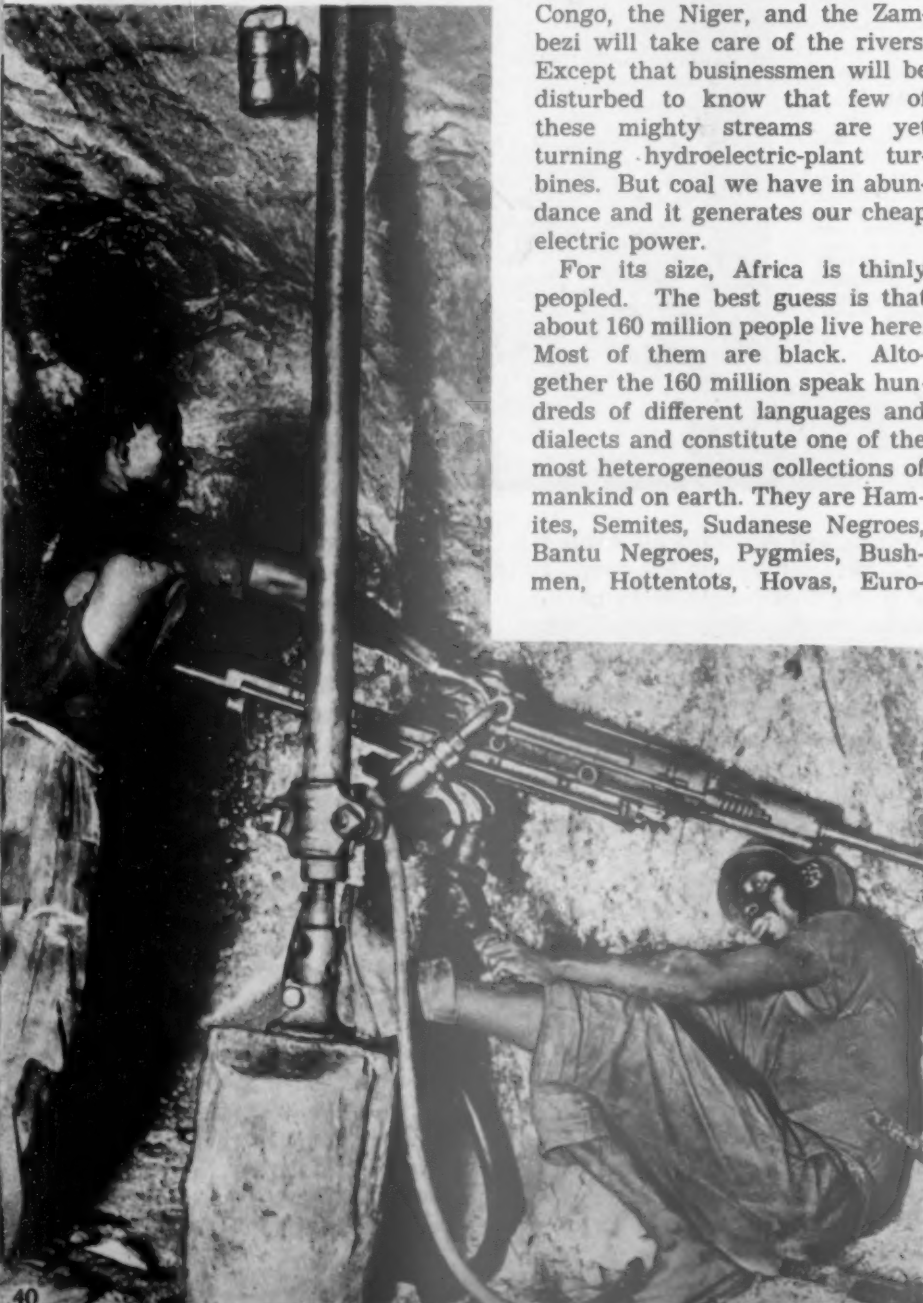
"And then there are all your political divisions, too," you break in to say. "What about them?"

A night with a history book, I answer, will explain the patchwork appearance Africa gives on a map. Nations sought empires and men sought gold, diamonds, ivory, slaves, freedom, and opportunity, and they staked out their claims in this rich frontier which offered them. The sons of those men and nations remain in Africa today. Four African States are nominally independent—Egypt,* Ethiopia, the Negro Republic of Liberia, and the Union of South Africa. When other colonies and territories shall be ready for autonomy or independence is a question beyond the bounds of this little dissertation.

A question of high importance in Southern Africa just now is whether the onetime German colonies which were mandated to Britain, Belgium, France, and the Union of South Africa after World War I shall be placed under the trusteeship of the United Nations or remain in status quo. Southwest Africa is the mandate with which my country is concerned. It is a hilly, rather barren-looking

* See *New Ideas in Old Egypt*, by Edwin Muller, THE ROTARIAN, July, 1946.

IT IS in mines like this that the Union of South Africa's world leadership as a gold producer begins.



reach of land on the west coast of the Cape of Good Hope—but in its soil are diamonds, copper, vanadium, and tin, and it is the home of a large Persian lambskin industry and is a major cattle producer.

Perhaps you read a few months ago of a new gold strike in the Orange Free State, one of the Provinces of the Union of South Africa. In the 60 years since gold was discovered in the Transvaal, a neighboring Province, that area has yielded about 10 billion dollars' worth of the precious yellow metal—and most of it has come from the vicinity of Johannesburg in the region known as the Witwatersrand. The new strike in the O.F.S. promises to double the size of South Africa's gold industry. As it is, the Union supplies 36 percent of the world's gold total, Rhodesia 3 percent of it, and the rest of Africa another 3 percent—which makes the continent the greatest gold producer in the world.

And diamonds? You find them sprinkled in many places from the equator to the Cape, the continent yielding up 98 percent of the world's total. They were first discovered on the banks of the Orange River in 1867 and the more important subsequent discoveries were made at Kimberley in 1871, 300 miles from Johannesburg. The latter find was of such great importance that within a few years thousands of men from all parts of the world flocked to Kimberley, staked out claims, and started to dig. With their haphazard methods of mining, the problems of falling ground, disposal of rainwater, handling plant, and so on soon became so acute that diamond mining almost came to a standstill.

That was when the big financiers, seeing an opportunity, began to purchase claims from private owners and eventually got virtually all of them. Together these large interests formed the well-known De Beers Company with a capital of 25 million dollars. Before they could commence mining, however, they had to spend 7 million dollars to remove soil and debris. The man-made hole which has resulted from the De Beers operation covers at its mouth an area of about 34 acres

and is more than 3,000 feet deep. The peak year in South African diamond production was, as I recall it, 1928, when more than 75 million dollars' worth was produced.

And copper! Northern Rhodesia has probably the largest reserve of copper ore in the world—a strip some 200 miles long and 40 miles wide that is believed to contain 600 million tons of the ore!

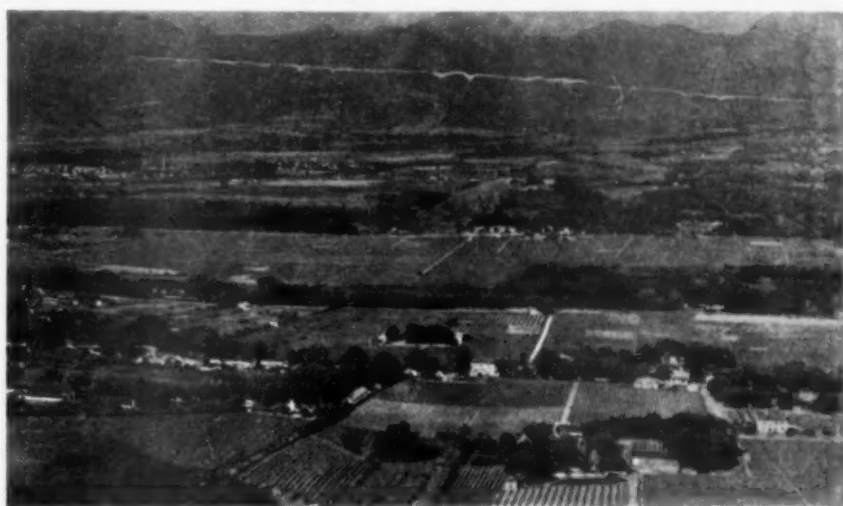
I could go on to tell of Africa's iron and coal and bauxite deposits and of the uranium-ore beds of the Belgian Congo—but perhaps I should shift the emphasis to people and places.

Six years after Columbus sailed

made a large financial settlement with the Dutch East India Company.

That in barest outline is how it happens that the Dutch and the British live side by side on the fertile karoo, the low veld, and the highlands of the mineral-rich lower end of Africa.

Here is our population picture in the Union of South Africa: Total population is 10½ million. Two and a quarter million of it are European. Eight million are members of the black Bantu races as well as persons of mixed blood referred to as "coloreds" and about one-quarter million Asiatics (mostly Indians). Of the 2¼ mil-



IT COULD be California—but it's Africa. This beautifully groomed land is in the Paarl Valley in the Union of South Africa, and those are Huguenot vineyards in the foreground.

west looking for India, Vasco da Gama sailed south and east and found it. So doing, da Gama was the first European to round what we now call the Cape of Good Hope. The route proved a popular one—but it wasn't until 1620 that two English sailors, Shillingh and Fitzherbert, planted the English flag at the Cape. In 1652 Johann van Riebeeck, a Dutch commander, arrived at Table Bay in three small ships and set up a halfway house on the Cape where the ships of the Dutch East India Company on the India route could be revictualled. A fort went up, hardy Dutch pioneers followed—and after them Huguenots of France. Hence names such as Van Rensburg and Du Plessis which are so familiar in our country. A century later a British fleet dropped anchor to thwart efforts of the French to take the Cape—and afterward the British

lion Europeans more than half are Afrikaners (South African Dutch) and the rest are of English extraction. We've had our differences—we English-speaking and Dutch-speaking fellows—as anyone who has read the history of the Boer War knows—but we love our country and have achieved a high degree of harmony since those unhappy days, and Rotary, I may say, has played a noteworthy part in cementing the friendship of the two strains.

Field Marshal The Right Honorable Jan Christiaan Smuts, who fought against the British in the Anglo-Boer War, is our beloved Prime Minister, and he is ably assisted by The Right Honorable J. H. Hofmeyr, who holds the reins in "Jannie's" absence, and a strong Cabinet bearing English and Dutch names.

We have two official languages—Dutch and English—and our

national and industrial and civic leaders come about equally from both groups. Whenever I'm in Canada's Province of Quebec, where I hear two tongues everywhere and see signboards lettered in both English and French, I think of home. The parallel is very close.

We two European nationalities have just been through a war together—and together we gave a nation that had never in its life made a machine tool a war industry that could make anything from howitzers to hand grenades—and did. Now, with our own iron, coal, lime, smelters, and greatly expanded industrial plants we will be able to make a hundred and one things we used to have to buy from Britain or America. Though we become more self-sufficient, we shall continue to live largely by trade, however.

If you're in Rio de Janeiro in the Spring of 1948, you will see a steamship glide into the harbor bearing scores of South African Rotarians. They will be arriving for Rotary's 39th Annual Convention in the Brazilian capital. Every last one of the 1,232 Rotarians of District 55 would like to be aboard, such is their hunger for contact with the rest of the Rotary world. Not all of them will be, of course, but, because Capetown and Rio are only eight days apart by boat, we should have a goodly Rotary crew aboard.

You'd feel at home in the Rotary Clubs of my region. They are pretty much like Rotary Clubs anywhere. We meet at noon lunches, hear a good speaker, plan new projects, and enjoy each other's fellowship to the full. District 55, by the way, includes Rhodesia and Kenya Colony and everything south to the Cape, broadly speaking. It has 23 Clubs; 19 of those Clubs are in the Union of South Africa, however.

One of the newest Clubs in District 55 is Mombassa, Kenya's major seaport on Africa's East Coast. It was sponsored by the 17-year-old Rotary Club of Nairobi, the splendidly modern mile-high capital of the Colony. In Kenya, as indeed in Natal, there has been a long and gradual influx of East Indians. This has added another factor to racial complexity, particularly in the Union of South Af-

rica. The Mombassa Rotarians, in the true concept of Rotary, have recently inducted several excellent members of East Indian origin.

The tremendous distances of Africa are the greatest obstacle to Rotary's growth. Nairobi, for example, is nearly 3,000 miles from Capetown—yet in the same District. Some of us who have studied the prospects, however, see perhaps eight or ten new Clubs springing up here and there in the next five or ten years. We have no Clubs in the Belgian Congo—we had one at Elizabethville, but it failed. We have no Clubs in Portugal's two colonies—Angola and Mozambique—and none on the French island of Madagascar. Nevertheless I look forward hopefully to the day when the business and professional men of Beira and Lourenço Marques, both fine seaports of Mozambique, will petition Rotary for a charter, for they could well sustain Rotary Clubs.

We meet and eat, but, like you, that's only the beginning of it. Our 23 Clubs are aiding or sponsoring boys' clubs, holiday camps, old-folks' homes, homes for soldiers' tots, and hospitals. They



A LITTLE herdsman in Kenya Colony. Note the whip scars on the scrawny cow's rump.

are running soup kitchens and social centers for Bantu natives, encouraging immigration and aiding new settlers, and so on. And every day in countless ways they are putting into practice their belief in Rotary's kind of goodwill in

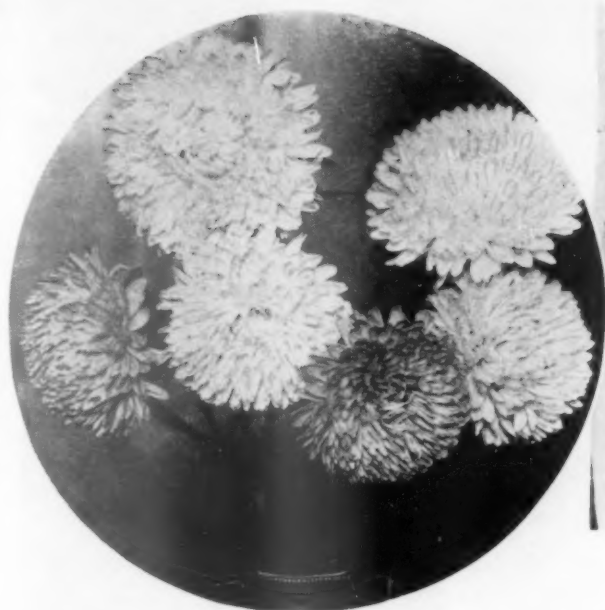
all their dealings with the peoples of other races and tongues.

Several years ago a certain Rotarian asked: "Why not vacation camps where English-speaking and Dutch-speaking boys could play and live together and really get acquainted?" The idea caught on quickly and many such camps flourish today under the Rotary flag. Believe me, if anyone in the whole of Southern Africa is working for racial concord, your fellow Rotarians in District 55 are.

Do we sing and "first name" each other in our Clubs? More and more. Not so often as in the United States of America, it is true, but oftener than in Britain. We do know how to relax, if that's what you mean. Rotary to us means about what it must to you: it is an avenue to close acquaintance with the business and professional leaders of our towns, a channel for our civic urges, an interpreter of our vocational responsibilities, and a broadener of our mental horizons.

You have been a good listener. I wish I might reward you. All I can do, I fear, is put an idea in your head. It is this: That you plan on making what I predict will someday be the greatest motor trip in the world—the jaunt from the Cape to Cairo. The roads are largely lacking now—but one day in the future you'll be able to sling your car ashore at Capetown, motor through my interesting country, see the world's greatest wild-game sanctuary, buy a diamond for your wife. . . . Then on to Rhodesia with its mystic Zimbabwe ruins and its Victoria Falls. . . . Next you will ferry up Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika and spend a few days in Nairobi—with one side trip to 17,000-foot Mt. Kenya for some trout fishing, and another to Lake Victoria for a glimpse of breath-catching beauty. . . . Then you head north again and board a Nile steamer bound for Cairo. All the way you will see strange peoples, animals, and scenes of this One World you never dreamed existed.

Meanwhile, when you think of Africa, think of it as being just around the corner and peopled, at least in part, by some friendly chaps who can sing *ROTARY, That Spells Rotary* just as loud as you can.



FLOWERS fresh from the Rotary greenhouse brighten this and every other ward at McCloskey. The fact is, they come by the truckload.

Flowers for the Road Back

Texas Rotarians provide a veterans hospital with a modern greenhouse.

FLOWERS, someone has written, are words that even a babe can understand. They say *Good luck!* . . . or *We're sorry . . . or I love you!* . . . but the blooms that glorify the wards and walks at huge McCloskey Veterans Hospital at Temple, Texas, say: "Thousands of Texas business and professional men are plugging for you, soldier. Get well fast!" And they say it repeatedly. A greenhouse right on the hospital grounds keeps the blossoms coming.

How that greenhouse came to be is what this brief story is about. At the time of the Battle of the Bulge in 1944, Rotary Club Presidents throughout Texas opened a letter from a fellow Rotarian of Temple. "Thousands of wounded American lads lie in the new McCloskey Army Hospital here," it said in gist. "Flowers would cheer them. Why don't we Texas Rotarians build the boys a greenhouse?" One hundred and fifteen Clubs answered with checks totaling \$10,000.

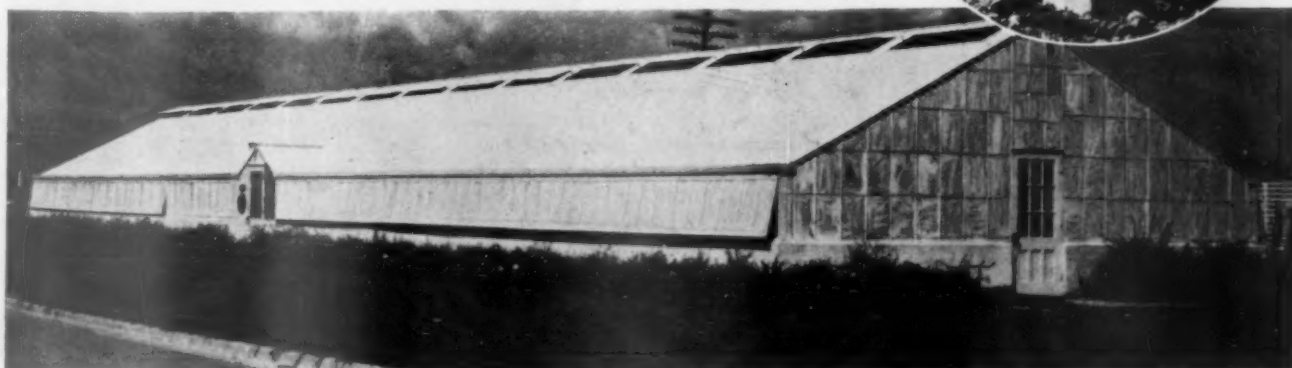
Brigadier General James A. Bethea, then in command of the hospital, selected the type of structure to be built. Texas

A. & M. College engineers helped draw plans. Prisoner-of-war labor started pouring concrete, working steel, setting glass. An Army Post Engineer supervised construction—and in no time at all a first-class greenhouse with a Rotary wheel on the door was producing just about every kind of flower from asters to zinnias. "Nothing is more important," said General Bethea, "than giving sick patients beautiful surroundings."

Quick to echo that belief was Dr. L. M. Cochran, the man who assumed charge when the U. S. Veterans Administration took over McCloskey. Touring the large modern greenhouse he said: "It will play a major part in our efforts to rehabilitate our veterans." And it has. Not only has this flower factory produced some ten miles of plants and shrubs, but it also has provided stimulating occupation for men well enough to work in it. Flowers, after all, are reminders that, rough as it often is, life has its beauties.



THE last word in greenhouses, the McCloskey plant is 120-feet long, has three interior sections of variable temperature and a sizable room for potting plants





*At
Orangeville
They*
INVEST
in
YOUTH

WHAT a handful of ordinary men plus an extraordinary idea can do is—well, let the 45 Rotarians in Orangeville, Ontario, Canada, finish that sentence.

They got their charter ten years ago. At one of their first meetings the problem of the Orangeville Arena came up. This rambling frame building, erected in 1922 after a public sale of stock, was to have been the town's sports center. But from the start it was a failure. Mortgage holders had taken over and were planning to raze the structure and sell the materials to a neighboring town.

There seemed to be few regrets until the infant Rotary Club of 22 members

saw possibilities in it. There was no other satisfactory place of entertainment for young people in this town of 3,000 people. Despite its bleak record, Rotarians agreed that it could be made something of real value to the community. So they boldly assumed all obligations against the building, did some house cleaning, and took over its operation themselves. An increased attendance for hockey matches and skating was an immediate result. The development of young hockey talent became a Wintertime Rotary Club objective. In Summer and Fall the rafters rang with the shouts of lacrosse players.

Carnivals, frolics, and athletic meets were added to the program and the balance sheet slowly changed from red to black.

As it did, renovation of the dance hall became the next project. It was not until November, 1944, that the first dance was held, but it proved an immediate success, packing the floor with 420 persons. Now there is an old-time hoedown every Wednesday evening, except during Summer months, with traditional music featured; modern dance tunes set the pace on Fridays.

The dances had some competition, so a vigorous newspaper-advertising campaign was undertaken by the Rotary

Committee, which also assured good service at the lunch bar and cloak room. The "stag line" was cut down by charging the lone wolf the same as a couple. Many special events were planned—a box social for the old-timers, valentine, St. Patrick's, Easter, and Halloween parties. Profits for the first year were \$2,348; for the second year, \$3,948.

With money coming in, constant improvements are being made—a central heating system, showers, and locker rooms, for example.

That the Rotary Club has been successful in its objective of developing hockey talent is shown by the fact that Orangeville teams under Rotary management have won two Provincial championships, the Ontario Hockey Association's Junior "C" during the season of 1937-1938 and the O.M.H.A. Juvenile in 1939-1940.

As an investment in youth, it has paid off—for in a decade a lot of youngsters can be graduated into the life of a community.

The Arena is by no means used only by town youth; rural teams from the surrounding area hold in it most of their sports matches. Thus it has become the focal point of much town and country intermingling, cementing ever more closely the bond of rural-urban relationship.

These results have not been attained without a great deal of hard work. Rotarians have served on permanent committees, on temporary committees, and on special committees. Any member is likely to be called upon at any time to take charge of a game or a frolic, to take tickets, check hats, or squirt sodas. But they think they have their fun, too.

For best of all, the young folk of Orangeville do not have to wander far afield in search of amusements, and parents know they are in good hands when going to a dance sponsored by Rotarians.



ROTARIANS hand out the soda pop for dancers; to prove it here's Nels Evans behind the bar. The girls, if you'd like to know, are Marjorie Cook, Jean Moore, and Vivian Smith.



HOCKEY players trained in Orangeville's sports center won two championships since the Rotary Club took charge. These husky players (above) served overseas in Canada's forces.



THE ARENA was bankrupt when Rotarians took over. Now it earns enough with its dances, athletic contests, and community amusements to pay for repairs and improvements, making it an increasingly useful center for youth activities.

Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH. D.

● **Beating Beet Shortage.** A mechanical device for topping, digging, and loading sugar beets in one operation has now been perfected. With its general adoption, beet growing will become a mechanized operation so that great fields can be grown with a minimum of hand labor. This will provide plenty of beets and plenty of sugar—and so the solution of the sugar shortage is in sight.

● **Grass for Food.** If we are to believe the scientific papers of the Farm Chemurgic Council, when old Nebuchadnezzar "ate grass like an ox," he was just ahead of his time. The discovery of the high food value of grass for humans was made some ten years ago by a Missouri chemist. His whole family of eight ate grass. For three years only a dollar a day was spent for other food. Not a member of the family has ever had a decayed tooth. It was not just any old grass, but only "Cerograss" scientifically grown, cut, and blended. This grass mixture contains 20 times more vitamin A than eggs, 30 times more than any other vegetable. Fifteen pounds of it supply more vitamins and minerals than 340 pounds of citrus fruits and green vegetables. The mixture is specially cleaned, ground, and compressed into tablets—and sold.

● **Better Gas Heaters.** The old-fashioned gas log or gas room heater has been frowned upon because it uses up the oxygen in the air and pours carbon dioxide and water vapors back into the closed room. Sometimes it gives off bad odors and occasionally it has been known to poison. Yet if the windows are opened to "let in fresh air," the room cools off. A new gas stove made in Indiana draws the air directly from outdoors and returns the used air, with odors and gases, directly to the out of doors, where it can do no harm.

● **It Sticks.** Many new and better adhesives have been developed recently, including a synthetic, thermoplastic material requiring no vulcanization. It will bond Buna N synthetic rubbers, polythene, vinyl sheets, and the like to metals, wood, concrete, glazed tile, and glass. While benzene, toluene, xylene, and similar aromatic hydrocarbons weaken the bond, most oils, naphthas, and gasolines are without effect, as are heat and cold.

● **Talking on Light.** Both the telephone and the radio can be tapped and garbled, and static interferes with radio. We have known that we could carry on a conversation over a searchlight beam,

but it is visible for 30 miles or more and therefore far from secret. Now comes a cesium vapor lamp for the searchlight which gives off invisible infrared rays. They can carry two-way conversations and it is impossible to detect, eavesdrop, intercept, jam, or garble the reception, which is not affected by static.

● **No Soap?** The shortage of soaps has brought to the fore many synthetic detergents—some increasing and some decreasing the lather. Some are cationic and incompatible with soap, some are neutral and compatible with both soaps and cationics, while others are anionic and compatible with soap, but not with cationics. A newly developed method of determining cleansing values shows one of these neutral soap aids to be so powerful that one part in 1,000 into a tenth of one percent soap solution increases its cleaning power thirty-fold. The use of such soap aids may soon become universal.

● **Found at Last.** The bee sips sucrose from the flower, inverts it in his honey sack, and ejects honey into the cells of the comb. Sucrose, the common disaccharide cane sugar, can be inverted—that is, split—into one molecule of dextrose (glucose) and one of levulose (fructose) either by enzymes as the bee does it, or by dilute acids as is done commercially. Levulose is the sweet and expensive half of cane sugar. If plentiful, it could be widely used by



AN IMPLEMENT OF war and hate became an emblem of friendship when a shell case made in Woolwich, England, during World War II was converted into a bell. It was given to the Rotary Club of Maastricht, The Netherlands, by Woolwich Rotarians to commemorate the restoration of the former's charter.

diabetics, for making finer candies, and for feeding young babies. Levulose, using radioactive carbon 14, is especially valuable in tracing the course of the sugar molecule through body organs. Separation of the levulose from the dextrose has at last been achieved by ion exchange resins such as are used in producing water of "distillation purity" from hard water. This new process absorbs and holds the dextrose, but allows the levulose to pass. A Colorado company promises to supply at least enough levulose for research and hospital needs.

● **War on Insects.** We have long had mothproofing agents claimed "to last for the life of the fabric." Now are added germicides, mildew- and flame-proofing agents, and general contact insect killers of the DDT type fatal to silverfish, cockroaches, termites, and the like. The insects are killed by simply walking on it, making life more difficult every day.

● **Eggs or Feathers?** The old farm dispute about whether it pays to keep hens through the molting season seems to have been settled by a United States Department of Agriculture scientist. He proves that "it takes 25 pounds of feed to develop a pullet to the laying stage. It takes about 20 pounds of feed to carry a hen through the molt. In the old hen you get only a new coat of feathers, while in the pullet you get five pounds of meat." This should settle the controversy for all time in favor of "pullets in the laying house and hens in the kettle."

● **Lifetime Paint.** The new silicones have given us a gas for waterproofing textiles; crankcase lubricants that promise to outlast the car; "silicone putty" for setting lenses in searchlights; "silicone rubber" and "silicone lacquers" for wire insulation.* The backbone of rubber is a chain of carbon atoms, while in silicones the backbone atoms are silicon, which explains its resistance to heat. The newest is the silicone paint that promises a lifetime of service for automobiles, stoves, and hospital equipment. It is unaffected by acids, alkalies, and solvents or heat.

● **Molded Wood.** Forest fires, the overcutting of standing timber during the war, and the ever-increasing demands for pulpwood have depleted the world's supply of lumber. We are spreading what is left by making plywoods and shredding residues for insulations. A new process for impregnating woods with methylol urca plastics converts softwoods into hard ones—harder than any natural wood—which can be bent or molded into any desired shape.†

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

*See *Silicones*, by Harland Manchester, THE ROTARIAN for February, 1945.

†For an article on molded wood see *Will Wood Win the War?*, by Egon Glesinger, THE ROTARIAN for January, 1943.

Speaking of Books—

By John T. Frederick

Author and Reviewer

About a New England Indian . . . and the weavers of Yorkshire. . . Apples and gravy . . . and a Nazi prison.

A GOOD historical novel is as pleasant company for an evening's reading as one could ask for. Historical fiction has an honorable history, from the days of Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper down to the work of James Boyd, Walter D. Edmonds, Kenneth Roberts, and many others in our own day. Unfortunately the form has been abused in recent years by certain writers, who have used it deliberately for the purveying of the sensational and the suggestive—to such a degree that it is uncertain whether certain best-sellers should be classified as historical fiction or pornography. But there are still plenty of historical novels that are sound and clean—that combine exciting narrative with significant characterization, and give the reader the broadening of horizons and enlargement of experience characteristic of historical fiction at its best.

Certainly one such novel is *Holdfast Gaines*, by Odell and Willard Shepard. The authors might have borrowed for their book the title of the most famous and widely read of American historical novels, Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, for this is the story of one of the last members of the New England Indian tribe of the Mohicans (or Mohegans, as the Shepards spell it). Adopted at an early age by a New England merchant and farmer and reared with the utmost kindness, Holdfast Gaines grows up loving both white men and red. He takes upon himself the mission of building understanding between the two races, travels far into the Southwestern frontier among the Creeks and Cherokees, opposes Tecumseh's plot for an Indian federation against the whites, fights with Andrew Jackson's volunteers at the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812.

A wealth of fresh and authentic detail of American history is built into this book. It is rich in vigorous action, in humor, in picturesque and memorable characters. Beyond all this, it has a theme far more important, meanings and values far more profound, than those usually met with in historical fiction—or indeed in fiction of any kind: the painful quest of a sincere and thoughtful man for religious truth, for understanding not only between men and races, but of human life itself.

Kenneth Roberts has won a place of distinction among historical novelists by

such books as *Arundel*, *Northwest Passage*, and *Oliver Wiswell*. In my opinion his new novel, *Lydia Bailey*, will add little to his lasting reputation. It contains a small nub of the sort of thing Roberts does superlatively well: the narrative by a firsthand observer and participant of a military campaign. In this case the story is that of the brief war of the youthful United States against the Barbary Pirates, particularly the amazing and frustrated campaign of General William Eaton in Africa. Roberts is at his best as advocate of a historical figure or faction which has been, in his judgment, unjustly treated—either by contemporaries or by historians or by both. His championship of Eaton is enormously vigorous, and, to my mind, highly effective; and it certainly makes absorbing reading.

But one reads a long time to get to the story of Eaton and the Algerian War; and though the earlier portions of the book are packed with melodrama and dripping with vivid color—making this a very hard story to lay down once you've started it—the adventures of Albion Hamlin in Boston, Washington, and Haiti lack the substance and meaning which Roberts abundantly achieves in the chapters about Eaton and his nemesis, the despicable appeaser, Tobias Lear.

Closer to our own time is the histori-



ODELL SHEPARD (left) and his son Willard, co-authors of *Holdfast Gaines*, a historical novel which Mr. Frederick compares with Cooper's famed *The Last of the Mohicans*.

cal panorama clearly portrayed in a noteworthy new book by the British novelist Phyllis Bentley, *The Rise of Henry Morcar*. The book has the extraordinary quality of reaching out, beyond the limits of the story actually told in its pages, into both the past and the future. Essentially it is the story of an English life and of the Yorkshire textile industry from the end of the 19th Century through the two World Wars. But through the historical interests of certain characters of the book, the story of clothmaking in Yorkshire is traced back to its beginnings, far in the Middle Ages, briefly and most interestingly; and in Henry Morcar's final vision of the social meaning of his industry, this novel touches the future. Clear and firm in every outline, marked by insight and energy, *The Rise of Henry Morcar* is eminently enjoyable and rewarding.

An interesting and important phase of American social history is presented in strongly dramatic terms by Herbert Krause in *The Thresher*, a novel of a rural community in Minnesota. The harvesting and threshing of the cereal grains, through the period of rapid change from the cradle and the horse-powered thresher to the harvester and binder, the steam-driven threshing machine and the tractor, are pictured in the lives of two men whose chief interest is in the ownership and operation of these machines. Herbert Krause writes with the sensitiveness of a poet, with the sympathetic insight of a man who knows well, and loves, the people and the life of which he writes.

Not a few of the last stories of Stephen Vincent Benét, collected in *The Last Circle*, are historical. I am very glad to have this collection, with its widely ranging representation of Benét's varied talent: his vigorous fantasy, his sureness in dealing with the strange and exceptional aspects of human experience, his profound human sympathy and understanding. His was clearly one of the truest literary voices of his generation, one most certainly worth hearing and remembering.

"Better than any fiction," many readers will call the warmly human comment on a broad range of events and public affairs in *Selected Letters of William Allen White*, edited by Walter Johnson. Many Rotarians had the privilege of knowing William Allen White

personally, or through his speeches and his articles in *THE ROTARIAN* and elsewhere. That privilege is extended to a far larger circle through this book. White was a great letter writer, in two senses: he wrote thousands upon thousands of letters (and kept copies of all of them); and he had the gift of putting himself into his letters, of making even brief and routine communications breathe something of his spirit and express something of his clear and hopeful vision of his world.

Walter Johnson has done a superlatively good job in selecting from the vast body of White's correspondence letters that are unfailingly interesting, revealing of the man and of his times, and intrinsically significant.

New Books

Food

A cookbook can be extremely good reading. Haydn S. Pearson's *The Countryman's Cookbook* proves this conclusively. The attractive and practical rec-

ipes are interlarded with little essays on such subjects as old-fashioned apples, how women keep recipes, and gravy-mopping techniques; and these are thoroughly delightful.

Noteworthy accounts of food and meals, in the world's literature from Genesis to John Steinbeck, have been assembled in M. F. K. Fisher's *Here Let Us Feast*. Many fine selections from varied and often obscure sources make this book worth owning, though I find Mrs. Fisher's own comment too generous, and objectionably mannered and artificial.

SPORTS AND THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Precisely the book a lot of us have been wishing for is *The Sailing Primer*, by Rosemary and Steever Oldden. Most engagingly and clearly written, this little book tells the beginner what he needs to know about sailboats and sailing.

Call Me Horse, edited by Tom R. Underwood and John I. Day, is a collection of anecdotes and information about thor-

oughbreds and the men who own and race them: George Washington's racehorses, names and colors, "characters" among thoroughbreds like Brown Jack, who "preferred to sit down in his stall while eating and was a bit unconventional in his diet, liking bread better than hay and cheese better than oats."

Ole Miss, by John Buckingham, a collection of Southern hunting stories, published in a limited edition in 1937, now appears in a regular trade edition and makes the best of sports fiction available to lovers of dog and gun everywhere. One of the finest photographic portraits I have ever seen appears in this book: a portrait of the author's grandfather, Theophilus Nash, keelboatman on the Mississippi 1811-12, accompanying an appealing memorial poem.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

American Diplomacy in the Far East, 1942-1943, edited by K. C. Li, is a collection of official documents and Congressional debates dealing with Far Eastern questions, carefully edited with an excellent general introduction. It is highly valuable as a convenient assembling of source materials in a crucially important field.

Austrian Requiem, by Kurt von Schuschnigg, former Chancellor of Austria and later prisoner of Hitler, has great interest both personal and political. A private day-by-day journal, its earlier sections brilliantly illuminate the events of the *Anschluss* of 1938, while later entries give a vivid view of life in a Nazi concentration camp. This is a most significant human document of the Second World War.

For a genuinely penetrating and thoroughly objective and considered analysis of the all-important problem of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, read *The Strange Alliance*, by John R. Deane. As head of the U. S. military mission in Moscow, 1943-45, Major General Deane (now retired) had exceptional opportunity for observation, to which he brought exceptional preparation and a cool and open mind. His report is candid, forthright, essentially constructive. I recommend this book as a real contribution to international understanding.

New books mentioned, publishers, and prices: *Holdfast* Gaines, Odell and Willard Shepard (Macmillan, \$3).—*Lydia Bailey*, Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, \$3).—*The Rise of Henry Morcar*, Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, \$3).—*The Thresher*, Herbert Krause (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3).—*The Last Circle*, Stephen Vincent Benét (Farrar, Straus, \$3).—*Selected Letters of William Allen White*, edited by Walter Johnson (Holt, \$3.75).—*The Countryman's Cookbook*, Haydn S. Pearson (Whittlesey, \$3).—*Here Let Us Feast*, M. F. K. Fisher (Viking, \$3.75).—*The Sailing Primer*, Rosemary and Steever Oldden (Cornell Maritime Press, \$2.50).—*Call Me Horse*, edited by Tom R. Underwood and John D. Day (Coward-McCann, \$2).—*Ole Miss*, Nash Buckingham (Putnam, \$2.75).—*American Diplomacy in the Far East, 1942-1943*, edited by K. C. Li (K. C. Li, Woolworth Building, New York City, \$8).—*Austrian Requiem*, Kurt von Schuschnigg (Putnam, \$3.50).—*The Strange Alliance*, John R. Deane (Viking, \$3.75).



Omaha Honors an Author and Friend

SPEAKING of historical novels, as Reviewer Frederick does this month, two of wide note have come from the pen of a Rotarian in Council Bluffs, Iowa. They are "Antioch Actress" and "The Emperor's Physician," and both were described in "Speaking of Books—" in May, 1946. Dr. J. R. Perkins is the man who wrote them.

One night not long ago some 300 Rotarians gathered in Omaha, Nebraska, to honor "Jake" Perkins. Present were the Omaha Club and the Council Bluffs Club, the former having invited the latter to come across the Missouri River, which separates the two cities, for the event.

But it was not Rotarian Perkins' success as an author that these men were celebrating—not solely that. They were also hailing him as a "servant of the people," noting that he is now in his 28th year of continuous service as minister of the

First Congregational Church of Council Bluffs, and that he is today baptizing babes in arms whose parents he baptized when they were infants.

Nor was that all. "Our fondest thoughts of him tonight are for him as a Rotarian," said Omaha Club President A. B. Dunbar as he recalled Dr. Perkins' more than 25 years in Rotary and his writing in 1915 of Rotary's long-popular Code of Ethics. Of his numerous Rotary contributions the Omaha Club made permanent record with a plaque he is seen receiving here.

The photo shows, left to right, Past International Director Fred L. Haas, of Omaha, who presided over the meeting; Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, minister of New York City's Marble Collegiate Reformed Church, who, like Dr. Perkins, a clergyman, author, and Rotarian, gave the address of the evening; Dr. Perkins; and President Dunbar.



ON A bridge between the United States and Mexico at El Paso, Sun Carnival folk pledge the continued friendship of those two lands. Queen Anna Louise Jagoe, daughter of an El Paso Rotarian, graces the occasion. At her right is Beauford Jester, Governor of Texas; at her left is Fernando Folgio Miramontes, Governor of Chihuahua.

Simpático

AT EL PASO

THOUSANDS of people pour into El Paso at the end of each year to join that Texas city of 125,000 in its Southwestern Sun Carnival. Parades, balls, symphonies, old-timers' events, and a Sun Bowl football game on New Year's Day pack the five-day *fiesta*—which the local Rotary Club started in 1934 and which it and four other civic groups now sponsor. There was something new under the Sun Carnival sun of 1946-47, however. A "Mexico Day" started things off . . . and the usual huge Carnival parade led through not only El Paso, but Ciudad Juarez across the Rio Grande in Mexico as well. El Paso and Ciudad Juarez Rotarians had arranged that. They also brought together the Governors of Texas and Chihuahua and staged other activities that inspired a true hands-across-the-border spirit. *Simpático* was the word for it! That's Spanish—and it means: the friendliest kind of understanding.



Rotary Reporter

She Remembered the Good Work

SOME years ago an elderly patient of a BROCKVILLE, ONT., CANADIAN, Rotarian physician told him that she had been much impressed by the welfare work his Rotary Club was doing. A resident of New York State, she died recently, and among bequests in her will was a gift of \$8,000 to the BROCKVILLE Club. It will be used for medical treatment and care of crippled and physically handicapped children in the BROCKVILLE area.

South American Rotarians Care!

When a Rotarian member of the Uruguayan Congress suggested a maternity house for the poor families of SANTA LUCIA, URUGUAY, his fellows in the local Rotary Club backed the idea. Recently opened, the house has 12 beds, nine employees, and a Rotarian serving as director. . . . More than 1,300 children have received medical care, food, and clothing each year that the Rotary-sponsored Maternity and Infants Aid Association of BARRETOS, BRAZIL, has been in operation. It opened in 1938. . . . Rotarians of IGARAPAVA, BRAZIL, have raised funds for and work has been started on the construction of a new local maternity center.

Bay Staters Compare Notes

The Rotary Clubs of CONCORD and FITCHBURG, MASS., shared their problems recently when Directors of the two Clubs held a joint meeting. After a "get acquainted" dinner the officers talked over many problems of mutual interest.

What's the Score? Two Dozen More Congratulations are in order for 24 more Rotary Clubs, which have just been added to the roster of Rotary International. The list includes eight readmitted Clubs and 16 new

ones. They are (with sponsor Clubs in parentheses) Milton (Oakville), Ont., Canada; Alost, Belgium; Mariánske Lázně, Czechoslovakia (readmitted); Savonlinna, Finland; Ferguson (Kirkwood), Mo.; Rovaniemi, Finland.

Uusikaupunki, Finland; Nanking, China (readmitted); Juncos (Humacao), Puerto Rico; São José dos Pinhais (Curitiba), Brazil; Bainbridge (Sidney), N. Y.; Valleyfield (Montreal), Que., Canada (readmitted); Canton, China (readmitted); Tsingtao, China (readmitted).

Larvik, Norway (readmitted); Roudnice nad Labem, Czechoslovakia (readmitted); Ashby-de-la-Zouch, England; Rushville (Chadron), Nebr.; Bloomington (Colton), Calif.; Osage (Charles City), Iowa; Pittsfield (Laconia), N. H.; Bend (Corvallis and Albany), Oreg.; Daventry, England; and Namur, Belgium (readmitted).

Meets Unify Merging Towns

Situated but eight miles apart, near the coast, BATH and BRUNSWICK, ME., are fast developing into a single community for purposes of service and future development. Leading citizens of the two communities often mingle—as they did recently when the Rotary Clubs and Lions Clubs held a joint meeting to hear a firsthand report on the Bikini atom-bomb experiment.

No One Blue at 'Blue Gums'

Soldiers' children have spent many a happy day at "Blue Gums," the home established for them in 1944 by the Rotary Club of GERMISTON, UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA. During the two years it was financed mainly by Rotarians, with the assistance of their wives, £4,400 was spent in operating the home. Now it has been handed over to the Governor General's National War

Fund as a going concern, with the Rotary Club released from financial responsibility. Rotarians still play a big part in administering the home, however, and the good times continue.

Cricket Holler Plants a Forest

The Cricket Holler Forest Builders Club which was organized more than a year ago by the Rotary Club of DAYTON, OHIO, has been doing much to conserve natural resources. It has planted thousands of trees in the rapidly growing Rotary Forest at near-by Cricket Holler, the Club's Boy Scout camp. Beginning in late 1945 with 5,000 trees and a few Scouts and Scouters interested in developing much needed forests, the club has grown rapidly in numbers and in service. Now nearly 250 have qualified as Forest Builders and are authorized to wear the Kit Cricket emblem (see cut) indicating that they have planted and cared for 25, 50, 100, or more trees. The "Kit" part of the name was borrowed from famed woodsman Kit Carson, the "Cricket" part from the Hollow. Noted cartoonist Milton Caniff drew the emblem.



Rotary in India Moving Forward

Improving health and sanitation facilities in communities is a project of many Rotary Clubs in India. For example, a member of the Rotary Club of NASIK recently suggested that health and sanitation inspection rounds be organized by the Rotary Club in coöperation with local authorities.



RADIO entertainers for a day, Rotarians of Richmond, Va. (above), and Charlotte, N. C. (right), traded answers in a recent Quiz of Two States program. The Charlotte group squeezed out ahead. The Rich-



mond Rotarians: Dr. H. L. Robinson, G. S. Clark, F. H. Powell, Jr., and F. Jones. The Charlotte quizzers, with Program Director L. Walker: J. P. Lucas, J. P. McMillian, John Fox, and J. A. Jones.

... The Rotary Club of NILGIRI is collecting funds from the public for the relief of the distress in Bengal and Bihar during the recent disturbances. ... A total of 500 rupees has been given a memorial hospital by NAGPUR Rotarians for the purchase of steel cots.

Good Memories Spur Sports Aid

Perhaps it is because Rotarians were once boys themselves—and remember it—that you find them as frequent sponsors of athletic activities in their communities. The Rotary Club of LA GRANGE, N. C., for example, recently honored the local football team for its sportsmanship and its undefeated season. ... In ROUNDUP, MONT., the Rotary Club sponsors a boys' boxing club and a baseball club—in season. ... A Rotary-sponsored basketball league functions in SIDNEY, B. C., CANADA. ... The Rotary Club of GILLESPIE, ILL., provides automobiles to transport local high-school basketball players to their out-of-town games. ... The Rotary Club of GIBSONVILLE, N. C., sponsored the raising of \$1,000 for recreational work among the children of the community and for the benefit of high-school athletics.

Rotary and 4-H— Hand in Hand

Rotary Clubs in Indiana have long taken an active rôle in promoting 4-H Club activities throughout their State. This year as a means of providing training of leadership for Indiana's 55,000 4-H Club members a series of ten training schools were scheduled for February and March. The program, a coöperative project involving some 80 Rotary Clubs, the Agricultural Extension Service, and the instructional staff from Purdue University, included training classes in EVANSVILLE, WASHINGTON, SHELBYVILLE, AURORA, LOGANSPOUT, HUNTINGTON, LA PORTE, ANDERSON, LEBANON, and TERRE HAUTE.

Radio Auctions Bring Action

A number of Rotary Clubs have hit upon radio auctions as a way to raise funds for community projects. They collect merchandise and services, offer them for sale to the highest bidder over the air, and keep a relay of telephone receptionists busy taking the bids. The Rotary Club of FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA, recently realized approximately \$3,000, selling more than 400 items in an evening. Bidding was spirited, and many food items were ordered sent to a children's home. ... A similar sale sponsored by the Rotary Club of VICTORIA, B. C., CANADA, brought in more than \$5,000.

'Kitchen Table' Turns Trick

Tin plates, tin cups, old cutlery, and a "kitchen table" in the center of the room! That is the "medicine" delinquent members of the Rotary Club of WEST POINT, MISS., must take if they fail to attend a meeting and don't "make up" at some other Rotary Club. Fellow members are seated at tables which form a big "U" around it. Attendance has ceased to be a problem since the "kitchen table" was installed. The Club jumped from 59th

place (in a District of 61 Clubs) to 32d place in one month and to 12th the next.

25 Clubs Mark 25th Birthday

Congratulations are due 25 more Rotary Clubs—groups which will observe their silver anniversaries during March. They are Tullahoma, Tenn.; Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Rapid

IT IS A question whether the Rotarians or their guests had the most fun when the Youth Service Sub-Committee of the Rotary Club of Cawnpore, India, recently entertained a truckload of children from a local orphanage. Milk and other treats were provided aplenty (at right).



Photo: Rotarian F. Lennox



IT'S STILL a dream, but a craft cabin built on these lines will soon rise among Californian redwoods in an Albany-Berkeley YMCA camp. A project of the Albany Rotary Club, it will measure 35 by 18 feet, will have workbenches and an enclosed toolroom for power machinery.



RALPH H. ALTON (left), Governor of Rotary International's 197th District, is shown presenting a gavel to John B. O'Rourke, President of his own Rotary Club—Uxbridge, Mass. A woodcraft hobbyist, Governor Alton made 24 gavels, one for each Rotary Club in the District, using as many different kinds of woods in the construction of each as the District has Rotary Clubs.



AN OUTDOOR fireplace has been dedicated to the late Wilson Greer, a long-time schoolman and charter member of the Rotary Club of Weathersfield, Conn. The Club gave it.



WANT the latest ideas on safety? Ask these members of the Rotary Club of St. Stephen-Milltown, N. B., Canada. They inspected the Canadian Pacific's new safety instruction car.



BILLY Benfield welcomes his guests.

ROTARY Clubs around the world have, as everybody knows, aided farm youths in countless ways. They've helped them buy pigs, chicks, and seed; have provided prize trips to livestock shows; and have fed them thousands of Rotary meals.

It is news, then, when a farm boy turns the tables and invites an entire Rotary Club to be his guest at a turkey dinner. Yet that is just what Billy Benfield, 18, did when he returned to Mooresville, N. C., after attending the National 4-H Congress in Chicago as North Carolina's winner in the national soil-conservation contest.

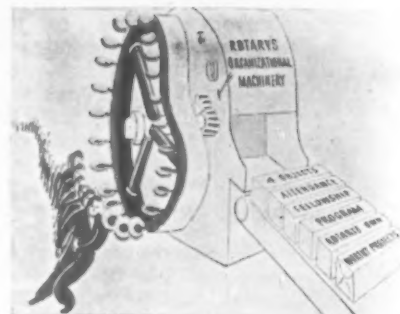
With the cooperation of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Benfield, he welcomed his 45 Rotary friends to an "appreciation din-

City, So. Dak.; Russellville, Ark.; Merced, Calif.; Beckley, W. Va.; Deer Lodge, Mont.; Waynesboro, Ga.; West Frankfort, Ill.; Lewisburg, Tenn.; Alpena, Mich.; Herrin, Ill.; Santa Cruz, Calif.; Farmville, N. C.; Crookston, Minn.; Coos Bay-North Bend, Oreg.; Framingham, Mass.; Chicago Heights, Ill.; Cranbrook, B. C., Canada; Lakewood, N. J.; Oneonta, N. Y.; Penn Yan, N. Y.; Nelson, B. C., Canada; Trenton, Ont., Canada; and Sterling, Ill.

Rotarians of YANKTON, So. DAK., will have little difficulty recalling the recent silver anniversary of their Club—for the entire proceedings were recorded. Among those in attendance were nine charter members, including two who are not now on the roster. The widows of two other charter members were special guests.

New-Style Wheel Turns on Humor

AURORA, ILL., Rotarians are still talking about the recent "Rotary's Own" program they had—which topped them all for interest, Rotary information, and humor. A week in advance of the meeting a group of members who designated themselves as officers of "Aurora Rotary Wheel, Inc.," sent out notices of a meeting of the "stockholders." By meeting time interest was at near-fever pitch. As the session got underway the "chairman of the board" called for reports, which included much red tape and a bit of authentic Rotary information. On the "business side," the manufacture of a



SHOULDERS to the "new model" wheel proposed by the Aurora, Ill., Club (see item).

new-style Rotary wheel (see cut) was proposed. It was pointed out that it would be in demand by Rotarians around the world, who would be desirous of putting their shoulder to the wheel. SO—shoulder pads were added. Inasmuch as Rotarians are not all of the same height, it was decided a round wheel would not be practical. The proposed model saves metal on spokes, having three instead of six, and one of them is detachable—a device to serve the "out-spoke-in" members.

Gifts Promote Global Goodwill

Spurred by the satisfaction the JAMESTOWN, R. I., Rotary Club has derived from its "adoption" of the Rotary Club of NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND, several other Clubs in District 198 have made efforts to contact Clubs in England. The list includes NEWPORT, R. I., and BRAINTREE, PLYMOUTH, and TAUNTON, MASS., all of whom are contacting Clubs of like names. The JAMESTOWN Rotarians sent their new friends the makings of a splendid luncheon, and the response was so immediate and enthusiastic that the Club is now sending food and clothing regularly—the island Club distributing the gifts sent by the Rhode Islanders.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, Rotarians have sent pictorial thanks to the Rotary Clubs of GISBORNE and CAIRNS, AUSTRALIA, and AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, for their continued thoughtfulness in sending food parcels. Besides photographs of BRISTOL scenes, many personal letters have been dispatched, like the one which said, "You have given us that little extra we so badly needed by way of cooking fats and extra meat. But you have done much more; you have cemented the feeling of friendship between the peoples of our two countries."

For several years PHILADELPHIA, PA., Rotarians have made a practice of sharing their Christmas with needy persons in other countries. Last year they sent 922 cases and packages of such hard-to-get items as soup, malted milk, corned-beef hash, cheese, macaroni, coffee, tea, soap, and worsted yarn to be distributed through the Rotary Clubs of Finland.

Several boxes of warm clothing and shoes were recently packed by the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of UNADILLA, N. Y., for distribution in Greece.

The Rotary Club of CHESTER, VT., has a plan whereby each member will "adopt" a family in Europe, and send

This 4-H Farmer Turns the Tables

ner" to show his gratitude for the assistance he had received over the past seven years—assistance which had enabled him to become one of Iredell County's outstanding 4-H Club members.

"These men made it possible for me to go," the modest youth declared, "so when I got back, Mother and I got our heads together and fixed up this dinner for them from my turkey project and garden vegetables." Practically everything on the table—and it was loaded!—was of Billy's own raising.

Billy carried more projects—15—than any of the other 1,000 4-H Clubbers in his county, netting a return of \$2,096 from his two acres of cotton, two acres of corn, four acres of wheat, three acres of oats, three acres of barley, and ten acres of lespedeza hay. He also has a registered brood sow, a registered boar, two baby beef calves, and a registered Jersey calf.

packages regularly. . . . Rotarians of WILLIAMSTOWN, PA., are sending a package a month to a needy overseas family.

Donations of food and clothing have been sent to needy children in Europe from several Rotary Clubs in Chile, including CAÑETE, COLEMU, COLLIPULLI, CAUQUENES, LINARES, and COQUIMBO. . . . Substantial help is also being provided by the Rotary Club of LINCOLN, ARGENTINA.

The Rotary Club of BOSTON, MASS., recently sent 50 parcels of food to the Rotary Club of LIÈGE, BELGIUM, with the request that they be distributed among anemic children who are orphans of men shot during the recent war for their patriotic activities.

Student Fellowship Links Countries

Rotary's day-to-day task of encouraging international understanding goes on. The Rotary Club of CARRIZO SPRINGS, TEX., for example, has received a list of names of 20 students living in other lands. As many students from the local high school will carry on correspondence with them and bring a new understanding to the community. . . . Rotarians of NORTHFIELD, MINN., like those of many another college community, have an opportunity to meet, greet, and fête students from other nations. At a recent affair of that kind the 28 guests—studying at Carleton and St. Olaf Colleges—represented 14 geographic locations outside the United States.

Rotarians of FALL RIVER, MASS., were recently given a stimulating "short course" in world history and current events when they were hosts to six students attending a local technical institute. The speakers were natives of Egypt, Greece, Haiti, Peru, and Poland.

Disabled? It's Cue for Service

Alert to the needs of disabled veterans, the Rotary Club of HOUSTON, TEX., recently purchased a record player and loud-speaker system and had them installed in the mess hall of the new local Navy hospital. . . . Disabled children will benefit from the recent kindness of ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., Rotarians, who have purchased a station wagon and presented it to the local chapter of the League for Crippled Children for transporting patients to clinics.

The Why of a Rotary 'Y' Camp

Ten years ago the Rotary Club of READING, PA., with other civic and service groups, began a program of providing Summer recreation for youngsters, including a daily swim in the "Y" pool. When during the war years it looked as though the program would have to be abandoned because of a lack of leadership, the Rotary Club and the YMCA developed and expanded a program for youth, known as the Rotary "Y" Day Camp—the Rotary Club offering its organizing abilities and financial backing and the "Y" its vast facilities and staff. The program grew—and last season total participation in the various events was more than 29,000, with 313 boys enrolled.



A COAL-MINE trip was provided for James H. MacDonald (in white), of La Junta, Colo., Governor of Rotary's District 113, when he

visited in Walsenburg, Colo. Rotarian Mine Owner G. Dick is at his right (hat) and Club President J. F. Brady is at the extreme left.



R. C. COCHRANE, Scoutmaster of the troop sponsored by Culver City, Calif., Rotarians, congratulates Claude Jarman, one of the

troop's tenderfoot Scouts. Through his Scouting program, Claude, who is "Jody" in the movie *The Yearling*, enjoys a normal boyhood.



NOTHING beats good clean fun! and that is what Auburn, Ky., just had much of. Each year local Rotarians sponsor a high-school carnival, the most recent affair topping 'em

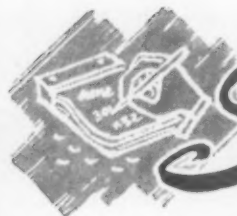
all and netting \$930. One side-show attraction included these famous "Dogpatchers": Daisy Mae, Li'l Abner, Lena the Hyena, Available Jones, Moonbeam McSwine, and Ol' Man Mose.



S. KENDRICK GUERNSEY, a member of the Rotary Club of Jacksonville, Fla., whom the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International has selected as its choice for the Rotary year 1947-48 (also see item).

FOUNDATION. A recent donation of \$25,000 made in the memory of ISAAC R. HOLYCROSS, a long-time member of the Rotary Club of Indianapolis, Ind., by his widow, has enabled the Rotary Club to establish the Rotary Foundation of Indianapolis, Inc. Its purpose is to promote the welfare of physically, mentally, or materially handicapped residents of Marion County.

Nominee. S. KENDRICK GUERNSEY, of Jacksonville, Fla., is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International in 1947-48. The decision was reached at a meeting of that Committee in Chicago in mid-January. ROTARIAN GUERNSEY is executive vice-president of the Gulf Insurance Company of Jacksonville. Active in boys work for many years, he has



A page or two of Rotary 'personals'... and news notes on official and other matters.

Scratchpaddings

been secretary of the National Boys and Girls Week Committee for the United States since 1933. He was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Orlando, Fla., and served that Club as President. Now a member of the Rotary Club of Jacksonville, he has been Second Vice-President of Rotary International, a District Governor, and a Committeeman. This year he is Chairman of the Youth Committee of Rotary International.

Buttermilk Skies? The currently popular song *Ole Buttermilk Sky* would have been strangely appropriate had it been sung the other day when a new milk-processing plant was dedicated in New York, N. Y. A ten-gallon can of fresh milk was flown by helicopter from a farm in eastern Pennsylvania to the rooftop of the plant. The same machine brought the dairy farmer, ROTARIAN RAYMOND H. LEET, and his wife, of Honesdale, Pa. Later a bottle of the air-delivered milk was splattered on a pillar of the building in a dedication ceremony, being swung by the LEETS' daughter-in-law, MRS. ALVENA LEET, who also lives on their farm. That evening CLINTON P. ANDERSON, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States and a Past President of Rotary International, addressed the Dairywomen's League.

Make-up Aid. Rotarians of District 170, and those of Brownsburg, Que., Canada, in particular, should have little difficulty determining where to make up a missed meeting. A special map designed by GEORGE J. ZSOMBOR, Vice-

President of the Brownsburg Club, shows the location of each Rotary Club. Copies of the map have been distributed to Presidents of all Rotary Clubs in the District, and, of course, to all Brownsburg members.

'Pasts.' The unofficial contest to determine which Rotary Club has the most Past Presidents on its roster was started by Palmyra, N. J. (see page 43, THE ROTARIAN for January, 1947), with 15 out of 20. Then in February came reports of 19 out of 20 for Enterprise, Ala., and 20 out of 30 for Spartanburg, S. C. (pages 52 and 56, respectively). Here are press-time reports on some of the "runners-up": St. Paul, Minn., has 24 Past Presidents on its roster, in its 37th year; Colorado Springs, Colo., has had 31 Presidents, 21 are still living, and 14 of them are members of the Club; in its 22d year, Lititz, Pa., still has 15 Past Presidents on its roster.

Author. *Love Lines*, an attractive leatherbound volume of verse, has come from the pen of ROTARIAN WILLIAM J. KERR, of Warren, Ohio.

Brazil Represented. Telegrams and cablegrams were promptly dispatched to all Past Presidents of Rotary International informing them of the passing of PAUL P. HARRIS, Founder and President Emeritus. It was impossible for ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA (1940-41), of São Paulo, Brazil, to attend, but he cabled his friend JAMES H. ROTH, in New York, who hurried to Chicago and represented Brazilian Rotarians at the funeral. "JIM" ROTH, who now is with the American Brazilian Association, Inc., was associated with Rotary International for many years, and helped organize numerous Rotary Clubs throughout Latin America.

Quiz-ical. CONRAD VANDERVELDE, Emporia, Kans., Rotarian, became quiz-ical upon checking answers to the January "Kiver-to-Kiver Klub" questions and noted that a typographical error had slipped into the list. He points out—and correctly—that Rotary Conventions were held in San Francisco, Calif., in 1915 and 1938, not in 1915 and 1935.

Answer. Remember the question posed by members of the Rotary Club of St. Albans, Vt., in the October issue of THE ROTARIAN (page 49) as to whether their member CHARLES D. WATSON, 86, is one of the oldest active Rotarians in the United States? The Rotary Club of New Castle, Ind., now discloses that WILLIAM C. BOND, of that Club, ranks a bit closer to the top in the "age department." ROTARIAN BOND, who was 88 last June, is a



JOSEPH W. MARTIN (left), Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, was honored recently by home-town friends of Attleboro, Mass. They gave him a fountain-pen set and a bronze plaque inscribed with the Declara-

tion of Independence. Others in the photo (front row, left to right): Henry A. Pelletier, President of the Rotary Club of Attleboro; Francis J. O'Neill, Mayor of Attleboro; and C. W. Cederberg, Lions Club representative.

Past Club President and has been an active member since 1919.

Badge Box. Since Rotary badges must be stored somewhere between meetings, Rotary Clubs have solved that problem in a variety of ways. SAMUEL J. HOPPER, an industrial engineer member of the Rotary Club of Port Huron, Mich., solved it for his Club by building an ingenious box (right). It stands nearly 3 feet high and has a diameter of 15 inches. Each of the eight wings has a capacity of 12 standard-sized badges. Yes, it's a true Rotary box—it rotates on a vertical axis. It is supported on a turned walnut base.



Board. The Board of Directors of Rotary International met in Chicago, Ill., the week of January 20 and considered many important matters. Action taken includes the following:

Three Rotarians were nominated for election to membership on the Board for the Rotary year 1947-48, as follows:

DANIEL DE IONGH, of Rotterdam, The Netherlands; GIL J. PUYAT, of Manila, The Philippines; and ALY EMINE YEHIA, of Alexandria, Egypt. LAURO BORBA, of Recife, Brazil, was nominated for the Rotary years 1947-48 and 1948-49.

The Board agreed with an opinion of the Aims and Objects Committee that constant and increased emphasis should be given to (a) the need for quality in the selection of membership, (b) strict adherence to membership and classification qualifications, and (c) the education of new members.

It was agreed to offer for consideration at the 1947 Convention a Proposed Enactment which would delete from the By-Laws of Rotary International the provisions relating to national and regional Advisory Committees.

The appointment of ARMANDO DE ARUDA PEREIRA, of São Paulo, Brazil, as a Trustee of the Rotary Foundation was approved. He is to serve the unexpired term (to June 30, 1950) of the late RICHARD H. WELLS, of Pocatello, Idaho. TOM J. DAVIS, of Butte, Mont., was designated as Chairman of the Rotary Foundation Trustees for the remainder of 1946-47.

Concurring with the Rotary Foundation Committee, it was agreed that the mandate of the Convention for carrying out a campaign to raise a fund of 2 million dollars for the Rotary Foundation should be complied with.

It was agreed that no change should be made in the name "Institutes of In-



LARRY C. KIGIN, a Terre Haute, Ind., Rotarian, wishes he could forget it. He had boasted about what Purdue "U" would do to Indiana "U" on the gridiron. Indiana won, and at the next Club luncheon he was seated at a table by himself, given sackcloth to wear and a bucket of ashes as a centerpiece.

ternational Understanding," but that the wording may be changed in non-English-speaking countries to a more appropriate name where such a change is desirable in the interest of clarity. . . . A continued effort is to be made to extend the Institutes in countries

Meet Your Directors

Brief biographical profiles of two of the 14 men who make up Rotary's international Board. More next month.

INSURANCE and law are the twin professional interests of FRANK E. SPAIN, of Birmingham, Alabama, who also finds time to lead many civic enterprises in America's Southland.

He is vice-president and general counsel of a life-insurance company and a fire- and marine-insurance company, and is a director and general counsel of a hotel system and numerous other businesses. He is president of the Community Chest of Birmingham and Jefferson County, director of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Judicial Council of Alabama.

A second lieutenant in the U. S. Army during World War I, he is a past chairman of the local district Housing Authority and the Alabama Association of Housing Authorities. He headed the 1945 appeal of the Alabama War Chest.

A Past President of the Birmingham Rotary Club, "DIRECTOR FRANK" has also been a District Governor. He is now on the Rotary Foundation Fellowships Committee, and is a member of the Nom-



Spain

inating Committee for President of Rotary International in 1947-48.

Youth problems have long interested T. A. WARREN, Rotary's International President in 1945-46. During the 25 years which he served as director of education for Wolverhampton, England (retiring in 1945), he served as a member of various Government educational committees. Among others, he was a member of the British Home Secretary's Advisory Committee upon Delinquent Children, and gave evidence which resulted in a Children's and Young Persons' Act which changed the national approach to the wayward child.

"DIRECTOR TOM" has travelled extensively in Europe and the Americas. Now a member of the Rotary Club of Bournemouth, England, he is a Past President of the Wolverhampton Club, a Past President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, a Past First Vice-President and Past District Representative of RI. He is now Chairman of the Rotary Foundation Fellowships Committee, a Rotary Foundation Trustee, a member of the Magazine Committee, and an ex-officio member of the European Consulting Group.



Warren

where they have not been developed.

The Board is asking the Rotary Foundation Trustees to allocate an additional \$10,000 from the funds earmarked for relief for war-affected Rotarians to be expended by the Board in accordance with the established policies governing the expenditures of such funds. With that amount approximately \$60,000 will have been expended for relief purposes. It was also agreed, subject to approval of the Rotary Foundation Trustees, that \$5,000 may be expended from the income account of the Rotary Foundation for the purpose of offering a grant in aid to UNESCO for fellowships to social service and educational leaders.

Various matters relating to the 1947 Convention were handled, including the appointment of FRANCIS WHITMER, of San Francisco, Calif., as Acting Assistant Treasurer of Rotary International, to have charge of handling the Convention hotel guaranty deposit account.

The invitation of the Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for the holding of the 1948 Convention in that city, was accepted subject to the completion of the necessary arrangements with the Club, hotels, transportation agencies, etc. The Board expressed appreciation of the receipt of the subvention of \$100,000 from the Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro, toward the expenses of the 1948 Convention.

The Board also accepted the invitation of the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y., to hold the 1949 Convention in its city, subject to completion of necessary arrangements.

It was agreed to offer for consideration at the 1947 Convention a Proposed Enactment to change the provisions of

the By-Laws relating to the Convention registration fee, to provide that it shall not exceed \$10 in United States currency, the exact amount to be determined from time to time by the Board.

The Board agreed to offer for consideration at the 1947 Convention a Proposed Enactment to provide that the International Affairs Committee shall be a standing Committee of Rotary International. The Chairman of the Committee shall be the International Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee.

The Secretary was requested to provide the Board with a report of what is now being done by universities and other interested institutions in connection with the holding of Summer institutes for advanced students from foreign countries. The Board referred back to the Committee on International Affairs its recommendation relating to a proposed experimental Summer institute, and also the proposal of the Rotary Club of Rochester, N. Y., with regard to a course in international relations for students sponsored by Clubs within the United States, with the request that the Committee give further consideration to the matter in the light of the information contained in the survey to be made by the Secretary.

It was decided that an international telephone translator system should be installed for the use of Spanish-speaking Rotarians at the 1947 Convention.

Because inquiry had been made concerning organization of women relatives of Rotarians, the Board reaffirmed the decision made in 1918-19 and 1934-35, and asks that such groups discontinue using the word "Rotary" in

their name. The Board took no action with regard to the advisability or inadvisability of the formation of such clubs, but felt that the best interests of all concerned will be better served if they would refrain from using the word "Rotary."

The Board reaffirmed its decision of May, 1946, to the effect that it regrets it is unable to take any action at the present time concerning the reintroduction of Rotary Clubs in Japan and Korea.

The Board is offering for the consideration of the 1947 Convention a Proposed Enactment to amend the By-Laws of Rotary International to provide for a Magazine Committee of five members to be composed of three members to be appointed one each for a term of three years on a rotating basis, one member to be appointed for a term of one year, and one member to be appointed annually from the membership of the Board of Directors. Two of the members will have had experience in publishing or allied fields.

It was agreed that it is not the function of Rotary International to implement or sponsor any proposals or plans on behalf of any specific cause relating to the work and functioning of the United Nations. The Board felt that any proposals or plans which individual Rotarians or Clubs or group of Clubs have relating to the work and function of the United Nations might more properly be submitted to the representative of the United Nations of their respective Government.

Another decision was that Rotary Clubs be asked to give consideration to the appointment of a Traffic Safety Committee as a sub-Committee of the Community Service Committee, to study the question of traffic safety and to cooperate with the local safety committee.

The Board recognizes that each Rotary Club is autonomous in determining its meeting place. However, as each active, past service, and senior active member of a Rotary Club is entitled to attend a meeting of any other Rotary Club, it is expected that each Rotary Club will meet in a place where any member of any Rotary Club in the world can attend its meetings, the Board pointed out.

Present for the meeting were PRESIDENT RICHARD C. HEDKE, of Detroit, Mich.; FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES JOURDAN-GASSIN, of Nice, France; SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT B. T. THAKUR, of Calcutta, India; THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT CARL E. BOLTE, of Kansas City, Mo.; and DIRECTORS ERNESTO SANTOS BASTOS, of Lisbon, Portugal; A. ELLISTON COLE, of Bloomington, Ind.; RILEY W. DOE, of Oakland, Calif.; WILLIAM R. DOWREY, of Vancouver, B. C., Canada; RALPH S. DUNNE, of Bala-Cynwyd-Narberth, Pa.; T. H. ROSE, of Birmingham, England; FRANK E. SPAIN, of Birmingham, Ala.; T. A. WARREN, of Bournemouth, England; and JORGE M. ZEGARRA, of Lima, Peru. DIRECTOR EINAR LISBORG, of Slagelse, Denmark, was unable to attend because of illness.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

YOU should have little trouble scoring 80 percent or better on these questions—if you've read this issue of *The Rotarian* from "kiver to kiver." (Check your answers with those on page 59.) If you can do that well, you are a "Kiver-to-Kiver Klubber."

1. In what city will the next meeting of UNESCO be held?

San Francisco. São Paulo.
Mexico City. Paris.

2. Richard C. Hedke says that if we are to consider nations as people, we shall have to:

Start over again.
Fight prejudice.
Disregard prejudice.

3. What does McCloskey Veterans Hospital have that most hospitals lack?

Ambulatory patients.
A Rotary Club.
A greenhouse.

4. Where does Arthur Stringer say he got his real education?

In haymows.
A one-room school.
School of hard knocks.

5. What is the greatest obstacle to Rotary's growth in Africa?

Tremendous distances.
Lack of interest.
High postage rates.

6. In Navajoland, hogan doors invariably:

Face the east.
Have Yale locks.
Are blanket covered.

7. What food does Badger Clark eulogize?

Bacon. Wienerwurst.
Hominy grits. Stuffed peppers.

8. The debate-of-the-month boils down to an exchange of views on:

Union or open shop.
Methods of arbitration.
Rail or sea transportation.

9. The Hobbyhorse Groom writes about what hobby this month?

Magic. Song writing.
Philately. Broadcasting.

10. The Golden Gate was first found by:

Emperor Norton I.
Sir Francis Drake.
Military men from Mexico.



Unley Tempers the Winds for Its Oldsters

IT WAS an ill wind, literally, that blew good to old men of Unley, Australia. They owe their pleasant private clubhouse to a chill breeze and to the local Rotary Club, which that wind stirred into action.

One Wintry day in 1944, Horace E. Allen, then Chairman of the Unley Rotary Club's Community Service Committee, was passing along the main thoroughfare. His eyes fell on a group of old retired men at a table under a tree. They were trying to play cards with a deck of wornout pasteboards, which, because of the wind, they anchored down with stones.

Shortly Rotarian Allen's Committee was discussing possibilities of initiating a veterans' club. Approval by the Rotary Club was instantaneous. The city council was then approached. It not only approved the plan, but provided the clubhouse (above)—an ARP hut—which was near the point where the old gentlemen usually met.

Everything at the club is free for the members, who proudly wear "UVC" buttons. The only membership qualifications are that the men be retired, of good character, and Unley residents.

Furnishings at the clubhouse, all provided by the Rotary Club, include comfortable upholstered seats, card tables, a chessboard, books, magazines, a radio, etc. So far this is the only Unley veterans' club. But as the need arises, it may be followed by others.

UNLEY VETERANS' CLUB, No. 1
ESTABLISHED 1945

MEMBERSHIP CARD

This serves to acknowledge that

Mr. _____

is a Member of the Unley Veterans' Club, No. 1.

DATED _____

HON. SECRETARY _____

This Card must be produced to the Secretary or any Member of the Committee upon request.

MP1726

P.T.O.



"HMM, LET'S SEE, guess I'll move this man," muses a "UVC" exponent of the checker game. There is comfort for all—even kibitzers—at the Rotary-furnished veterans' clubroom.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

were taken for a long motor ride by a doctor who practices as a psychiatrist a Rotarian. When in Amsterdam, he told us that he had been put in prison there during the war. He was in a cell with three others, under revolting conditions—lack of air, lack of food, lack of everything that made life even tolerable. After several weeks of this he was sent to a concentration camp under sentence to be shot. Just in time the intervention of a German psychiatrist who had known him in prewar days secured his release.

After hearing his story, I happened to say: "I suppose you must hate the Germans after such experiences." The answer of that big man—for he is big in every sense of the word, big in body, big in mind, and big in spirit, and he gave me a "big" answer—was this: "It is not my nature to hate."

Several friends to whom I have told that story have said: "What if such sufferings had been inflicted upon his wife or his child or someone near and dear to him. Would his answer have been the same?" I don't know, but I do know that the greatest haters are frequently the onlookers.

Re: Incentive to Work

By FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT, Rotarian
Birmingham, England

In his *Apples and Auto Parts* [THE ROTARIAN for February] Edwin Muller considers what Roy Newton, Australian industrialist and Rotarian, is doing to counter boredom and reduction of work in his plants. How to give incentive is a question uppermost in the minds of employers and even national Governments today.

Is it because modern civilization has advanced so far in the provision of the amenities of life that the average person feels that the span of life is too short to be bothered with aught save the need to enjoy those amenities to the full?

Did this begin with the birth of industrial reform and the progress of mechanization, both of which gradually but surely reduced physical effort to a minimum for the masses of the people, and in the process tended to destroy the art of individual craftsmanship—symbolical of pride and satisfaction in personal achievement?

Is the effect of this to be taken as sheer boredom or the deeper mental sense of frustration, brought about by monotony and repetition?

Does it of necessity require a national emergency like a war to give encouragement for the maximum effort all the time?

What can leaders in industry and other walks of life do to create the incentive to work with an effort and will continuously? And how far will improved conditions and shorter hours contribute to it?

Employees on the whole seek and accept work for the wages received, and they are devoid of any other interest because their natural bent and aptitude

is elsewhere. It is this knowledge which exposes a vast social problem—that of finding the kind of work which will inspire incentive.

Health, recreation, and environment can in themselves create mental energy and inspiration to succeed, in spite of the nature of the daily occupation, provided always there are harmony and understanding between employer and employee.

Wells' Ideas at Work

Reports GEORGE F. KROHA, Rotarian
Assistant Sales Manager
Steel-Equipment Company
Rochester, New York

Richard H. Wells' article, *Young Leaders in the Making* [THE ROTARIAN for February], is an expression of what we in the Rochester Club are thinking and doing. Pierre Jourdan-Gassin [see cut], son of Rotary's First Vice-President, Charles Jourdan-Gassin, of Nice, France, accepted our invitation to attend the University of Rochester and continue his study of architecture as a guest of our Club.



Jourdan-Gassin

It is an opportunity much appreciated. Pierre wrote, "Let me thank you and all the members of your Club for giving me such an opportunity, which is the realization of many schemes and dreams of mine since a long time. I'm so glad to see the States, especially now after having seen many American boys during my military life, and met amongst them a good lot of very nice and hearty friends."

'Wells Was Wise'

Says CHESTER H. STRUBLE, Publisher
Secretary, Rotary Club
Holyoke, Massachusetts

When we Holyoke Rotarians read the late Richard H. Wells' article, *Young Leaders in the Making* [THE ROTARIAN for February], we recalled with interest our recent Club meeting when greetings of the Rotary Club of Angol, Chile, were brought to us by Miss Ema Figueroa, a Chilean graduate student at Mount Holyoke College. With her came four students of Spanish [see cut] and after her brief talk to the Club they all sang the Chilean national anthem.



GREETING bearer and anthem singers, these college students were the guests of Holyoke, Mass., Rotarians. Miss Ema Figueroa (center) conveyed good wishes from the Rotary Club of Angol, Chile (see letter above).

We believe that such meetings prove excellent channels to knowing better our fellow Rotarians in other countries. We think "Dick" Wells was wise in emphasizing such worthwhile International Service projects.

'The Bible? Where?'

Asks WILSON P. HUNT, Rotarian
Manager, Moline Tool Company
Moline, Illinois

That splendid article *Looking under the Human Hood*, by Henry Ford [THE ROTARIAN for January], takes me back to boyhood days to an evening in an old-fashioned prayer meeting with a missionary subject. The minister had been telling of the almost indescribable conditions the missionary had to face, when a good old church mother, who was supposed to know her Bible from Genesis to Revelation, broke in with, "I don't see how these people could have been Christians, because it says in the Bible, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'" The minister had a habit of sticking out his head and looking under his glasses, which he did with the one word, "Where?" which seemed to cause the lady possibly her "most embarrassing moment."

I have never heard the question answered. Have you?

'Not in the Bible'

Notes MRS. H. M. WHEELER
Wife of Rotarian
Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

In the article *Looking under the Human Hood*, by Henry Ford [THE ROTARIAN for January], I notice an error. He remarks, "There is a lot to that old Biblical statement that cleanliness is next to godliness." There is no such statement in the Bible.

The sharp eyes of Readers Hunt and Wheeler are those of many, as your Editors have found. It was John Wesley who said in a sermon, "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."—Eds.

'Limbless Not Useless'

Says JOE SPIEVAK, Rotarian
President, Artificial Limb Company
Youngstown, Ohio

Henry Ford's comment in his *Looking under the Human Hood* [THE ROTARIAN for January] on employing the handicapped should be emphasized among Rotarians.

At a recent meeting of the Youngstown Club I showed motion pictures of men and women of our vicinity who are able to run races, play baseball, swim, and enjoy life—equipped with prosthetics. Their rate of absenteeism is lower and their accident records are better.

A person wearing an artificial limb is far from helpless. In fact, sometimes "brakes" have to be applied to slow up the stride and keep the user from "running away." Many people with leg amputations are so dexterous that you can't tell them from anyone else.

All an amputee or any handicapped person wants is an opportunity to demonstrate his worth. Get him and the right job together and you have a dependable workman.

Nations Are People

[Continued from page 20]

vision transcends the party considerations of the politician so the new leadership must transcend the statesman's absorption with national interest. I suggest the term "worldmanship." It is not in the dictionary, but it describes an emerging viewpoint.

The war criminals were tried at Nuremberg not for their failure as politicians. They were tried for offenses against the peoples of the world. Those trials mark a stage in the development of worldmanship—a revolution in the understanding of international law.* People are brought to book for crimes against people. Nations are by-passed. Failure in worldmanship is judged criminal.

Can it succeed in the Security Council? Can representatives to the United Nations subordinate national interest to world interest? Have they the worldman's vision that identifies the need of their own people for peace and plenty with the need of all people? We must hope so. The road ahead is long and hard, but the light ahead is clear.

Worldmanship can flourish in this wilderness of power politics only if it is nourished "in the minds of men." Hope must come from within ourselves. The "one world" must begin within each and every one of us. Always we come back to the people.

In Rotary we are seeking to make our Clubs islands of brotherhood in a sea of confusion and misunderstanding. Upon these islands, and like islands created by others, the mighty girders of the great bridge of peace shall rise. Similarly, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization† has been established to build the defenses of peace by giving the people of the world "a more perfect knowledge of each other's lives." Rotarians are enthusiastic about UNESCO. It strikes at the root of our problem. It seeks to create the will to make the machinery work. It coincides with the long-cherished aim of Rotary to create international understanding through world-wide associa-

* See *More Important Than the Bomb!*, by Vera Micheles Dean, *THE ROTARIAN*, October, 1946.

† See *All Things Are Ready If Our Minds Be So*, by Ben M. Cherrington, *THE ROTARIAN*, October, 1946.

Answers to Klub Quiz, Page 56

1. Mexico City (page 27). 2. Fight prejudice (page 19). 3. A greenhouse (page 43). 4. In haymows (page 24). 5. Tremendous distances (page 42). 6. Face the east (page 35). 7. Bacon (page 29). 8. Union or open shop (page 22). 9. Song writing (page 69). 10. Military men from Mexico (page 17).

CHECK COLDS with "Dustless" Sweeping



Cold germs ride on dust raised in sweeping. These germs can remain virulent for weeks and even months. Tests by independent health authorities prove that the Dustless brush, used daily with Arbitrin sweeping fluid, reduces bacteria in the air, between sweepings, as much as 97%. Thus, "Dustless" sweeping goes a long way in controlling colds and other respiratory diseases.

Germ culture after ordinary sweeping

Germ culture after "Dustless" sweeping



Dustless brushes are designed for sanitary, easy and economical sweeping. The back of the brush has a reservoir that holds Arbitrin sweeping fluid. During the process of sweeping this fluid filters through the center tufts and surrounds every particle of dust it contacts. Instead of rising into the air the dust, treated with Arbitrin, becomes a sweeping compound that sweeps cleaner than any commercially prepared sweeping compound.

Dustless brushes also are constructed for long life. Back and reservoir are of steel. Tufts of high quality materials are stitched into the block by hand—they cannot come out or become loose. The handle can be instantly reversed for even wear on both sides of the brush. The combined cost of Dustless brushes and Arbitrin sweeping fluid is far less than the combined cost of ordinary brushes and sweeping compound. One gallon of Arbitrin is equal to 230 pounds of sweeping compound. There is a "Dustless" brush to fit every sweeping need. Mail coupon today for complete information about size, styles and prices.

MILWAUKEE DUSTLESS BRUSH COMPANY

530 North 22nd Street Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

MANUFACTURERS OF DUSTLESS, SPEED SWEEP AND SPEED WASH BRUSHES

MILWAUKEE DUSTLESS BRUSH CO., 530 N. 22nd Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Please send complete information about Dustless brushes and Arbitrin sweeping fluid.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



**East to West...
North to South
YOUR FREIGHT
"Highballs"
through
"The Heart of America"
VIA WABASH**



Whether you're located North, South, East or West the WABASH serves you well when you ship to or through the Middle West—"The Heart of America." A strategic location which permits you to make on-time delivery in the very Heart of the Nation is one reason increasing numbers of shippers are routing via WABASH! Direct-line service between Buffalo and Kansas City—permitting your freight to "highball" between the East and the West—is another reason.

Find out for yourself the advantages of "shipping Wabash." Call a Wabash representative today and ask him to tell you how the Wabash insures careful handling and dependable schedules. As one shipper puts it, "you'll like the way the Wabash treats you."

C. J. SAYLES, Gen'l. Freight Traffic Mgr.
St. Louis 1, Missouri

Those Who Know

Ship Wabash

WABASH

RAILROAD

tion. Through nongovernmental organizations such as Rotary International, and through education, UNESCO will avert the threat of catastrophe that hangs like a doom over mankind in this atomic age. On the darkest night one can best see the stars. Even in the midst of international confusion the people of the world can turn to the best friends they have—each other. They can help UNESCO build the defenses of peace. They can learn to

know and believe in the world organization. They can preach the new vision of worldmanship, echoing the farewell of Shakespeare's Othello:

Farewell, the plumed troop, and the big wars, that make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell, the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum. . . . Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! . . . Othello's occupation's gone!

What Is 'The Right to Work'?

It Is Qualified by Group Rights—Frank P. Fenton

[Continued from page 22]

Wages, hours, and conditions are better in a union shop than in a nonunion shop. These gains are made by the workers dealing with the employer collectively. Each worker, through the payment of dues, pays for the union officials and experts necessary to carry on the business affairs of the union. Why should a nonunionist be entitled to enjoy the benefits gained without paying his share of the cost of securing them, and in addition be privileged to sabotage the organization that secured them? It is fundamental that those who are beneficiaries of an organization should share in the responsibilities and obligations involved. Why, then, does anyone refuse to join a union?

Some refuse to join because they claim that unions, or a particular union, are not conducted in a businesslike manner. Such charges may sometimes be justified, but it is apparent that the only way to correct such abuses is to fight within the union, and not from without.

Another reason is because of a strong but mistaken ideal of belief in individual action, in the right of every person to do as he will, no matter how it affects his neighbor. I submit that such individualism is not practical in a civilized community.

There are some who, purely through selfish motives, seek to share all the advantages secured by the struggle and sacrifices of trade unionists without bearing any of the burdens or incurring any of the risks.

And there is a small group of professional strike breakers, some of them expelled trade unionists, willing to work or make a pretense of working in order to defeat the ends of honest trade unionists who are trying to build decent standards of living, and a few of the criminal class who have no interest in the outcome, but only in their immediate gains.

Trade unionists believe that they have a right to work or not to work, to make demands through collective bargaining for their common welfare, and to strike if the demands are not granted.

Everyone will agree that a workman has the right to say he will sell his labor on condition that he doesn't have to work with people who are obnoxious to him. In the same manner, he can combine with others to sell his labor collectively on the same terms. We do not deny the right of employment to nonunionists. We simply refuse to work with them. We do not say that the employer shall not engage nonunion workers. We simply stipulate in our contracts that we will not work with nonunionists, just as we would refuse to work in a dangerous or insanitary factory, or work at long hours or for insufficient wages.

Is it any more wrong to ostracize or to refuse to work with craftsmen who are inimical to the common welfare of their craft than for doctors or lawyers to shun those of their calling who are accused of unprofessional conduct, or for merchants to taboo other tradesmen who disregard the ethics of their business?

As an individual owes a duty to society, so also to some degree the trade unionist owes a duty to his group. No nonunionist has the moral right to seek his own temporary advantage at the expense of the permanent welfare of all workers. If a trade union is a legal organization, and it has been so declared by the courts, then it has the right to exist. It, therefore, has the right to insist upon conditions that are necessary for its existence. It is obvious that it cannot exist if nonunion men have the right to take the jobs of union men. While accepting the union scale of wages when work is plentiful, the nonunionist will immediately lower wages when jobs are scarce.

An employer may say, "I believe in the open shop and I care not whether my workers are union men or not." But as a practical matter, it is important for the union to see that his theory is not carried into effect. It cannot accomplish its most important objectives unless the employer deals with it as a

union. The employer cannot enter into genuine collective bargaining—and without collective bargaining the conditions of labor are hardly fixed by bargaining at all—unless the union represents practically all the workers he wishes to employ.

The value and effectiveness of collective bargaining depend upon the experience and responsibility of union representatives. The union is the agency through which workers plan and carry forward efforts to promote their welfare, just as industries utilize their managers and technical experts. Absence of such agencies is not progress. Unions seek restrictions that they think will be beneficial to them, just as management does.

Employers are frequently not economic statesmen, just as union representatives may not be labor statesmen, but economic forces and needs will demand correction of out-of-date or ill-advised policies. Most progress is made when those most concerned correct their own mistakes. Coercion convinces nobody.

WE EMPLOY no sinister agencies or underhanded methods in fighting for the union shop or union security agreements. We offer, instead, the following reasons:

1. It affords job security and protection from employers' arbitrary discriminations by removal of opportunity to discharge or demote because of union activity.
2. Equality of contract begins where there is equality of bargaining power and there cannot be equality of bargaining power between the property-less employees and their propertied employer unless the employees are sufficiently bound in their trade union and sufficiently strong through their union to balance the scales in order that they may demand justice.
3. Protection of working standards by preventing cutthroat wage competition by nonunion employees or employers.
4. Equality of sacrifice by assuring that all who gain the benefits of good wages and working conditions that are the result of years of struggle and deprivations shall share in the costs of such benefits as members of the union rather than as "free riders."
5. A labor union cannot exercise discipline over its membership unless all the workers are members of the union and therefore subject to discipline.
6. A well-organized union enables an employer easily to obtain sufficient workmen to make collective contracts that are more satisfactory and cover a longer term. Such mutual confidence tends toward conservatism and thus lessens the liability of strikes.

There may be a general agreement over most of the principles of unionism, yet much impatience with the disturb-

HELP MAKE IT A FINE ARMY DAY



AT ONE time or another, the potential Regular Army recruit has to be *shown*. You have given him the facts—the many advantages of Army duty—but he may want to make a close-up acquaintance. That's what makes April 7th an important date for him and for you.

April 7th is Army Day. On certain days during the week of April 7th to 12th many Army installations all over the country will be open to visitors, along with spectacular exhibits in key cities. Watch your newspapers for dates. It will be a grand chance for young men to look the Army over for themselves.

Army progress continues along a wide front, and on Army Day it will be on full display. New weapons, new material, advanced techniques—a demonstration that a strong America is a safe America—will be there to see and evaluate.

You can help to make it a fine Army and a fine Army Day celebration by advising young men in your community to visit the nearest Camp, Post, or Station April 7th-12th.



**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG
MEN YOU KNOW TO SERVE
THEIR COUNTRY NOW**

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE



Personnel Service Awards



Improve employer-employee relations in your plant by using Personnel Service, Safety and Sales Incentive awards, created by Morgan's. Our design department will create your own award, for any purpose, at no obligation.



Also a complete line of Trophies and Medals for all occasions.

Send for full information today.



Morgan's
Manufacturing Jewelers

32 W. Randolph St. • Dept. R • Chicago 1, Ill.



FLOORS with a sales-winning personality

MOUTLIE floors set the stage for better business. Whatever you have to sell can be displayed to best advantage against the crisp, clean Moultilite colors and the satin-smooth, light-reflecting surface. Moultilite's foot-friendly comfort invites customers to linger longer and buy more.

You'll like Moultilite's time-defying durability, its low first cost, and rock-bottom maintenance economy. Get Moultilite for your store, office or home . . . and recommend it to your church, hospital and school board. Write for samples to: THOS. MOULDING FLOOR MFG. CO., 165 W. Wacker Drive, Dept. RO-3, Chicago 1, Ill.

THOS. MOULDING

Moultilite
Flexible-Reinforced
MASTER ASPHALT TILE

ances that have lately accompanied attempts to carry them into effect. What is the remedy for the present situation?

First of all, cooperation between management and labor not only to preserve freedom of enterprise, but the democratic way of life. We can free ourselves of Government controls by mutual confidence and respect for one another. No individual has a right to exercise his rights in a way that denies equal opportunity.

Everything some legislators seek can be found in collective bargaining and in trade-union agreements, such as a "cooling-off period," adjustment of grievances, and mutual arbitration. When

employers are ready to enter into genuine collective bargaining and agreements, strikes will be infrequent and corrective legislation will be unnecessary.

The union through which representatives can be chosen to conduct collective bargaining with management on terms and conditions of work is the agency that enables an effective right of contract. The right to contract distinguishes free labor from slave labor. Workers as individuals can rarely make contracts with employers. Mutuality is the essence of contract. Only when workers act collectively do they gain the status that makes mutual agreement possible.

What Is 'The Right to Work'?

It Must Not Involve Coercion—Ira Mosher

[Continued from page 23]

an illustrative example, for I know it best. Let's review the points noted above, and see how the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—in short, the right to work—has been infringed and what is needed to safeguard it.

1. **COERCION.** Coercion unfairly limits the right to work. Mass picketing is coercion. It is based on force or the threat of force.

Remember the newspapers' picture of the Oakland general strike, where a man who had borrowed a typewriter was beaten up and the machine smashed? Remember the war workers who took labor's no-strike pledge as a personal obligation, but were kept from their jobs by the array of pickets? Remember the maintenance crews denied entrance to plants where pipes were freezing and destroying the working equipment? Remember the employer who was not allowed past the pickets when he wanted to sign the pay checks?

One typewriter smashed, some workers beaten up on their way to work, more turned back, fires out in the factories, plants closed down for lack of materials, stores closed for lack of truck service: all this may seem trivial to labor leaders who suspend the right to work when it seems to their advantage. But it is not trivial to the people concerned—the American people.

Last year strikes in the United States cost some 16 million tons of steel, 103 million tons of coal, 110 million man-days of work. Last year strikes cost American workers nearly one billion dollars in wages.

No individual should be deprived of his right to work at an available job, nor should anybody be permitted to harm or injure the employee or his family, or his property, at home, at work, or elsewhere. Mass picketing and

any other form of coercion or intimidation should be prohibited.

2. **CAN YOU AFFORD TO WORK?** A union is an organization. Many organizations charge initiation fees and dues. But a \$1,000 initiation fee for electricians seems discouragingly high. The \$300 initiation fee of the Chicago Flat Janitors Union Local 1 also seems an effective way of barring a job hunter.

The man who is looking for a job is seldom rolling in riches. Nor does he necessarily agree with what the union stands for, the way it is run, or the discipline it imposes. Three out of four workers in the United States are non-union—according to union figures.

No employee or prospective employee should be required to join or to refrain from joining a union, or to maintain or withdraw his membership in a union, as a condition of employment. Compulsory union membership and interference with voluntary union membership both should be prohibited by law.

3. **LIMITATIONS ON APPRENTICES.** Skilled labor is the backbone of any industrialized country. Limitation of the number of apprentices in order that those already experienced may monopolize the work opportunities is as shortsighted as it is unjust. The present housing shortage, for example, is in large measure due to the failure to train enough young men to handle the increasing demand for builders. Workers who make their services scarce and expensive have time and again priced themselves out of work.

In fairness to the apprentice, the mature worker, and the public, the sole factor determining the number of apprentices should be the opportunity for skilled workers in a given trade.

4. **THE CLOSED SHOP.** In a closed union, nonmembers cannot work at a given trade. Where the closed shop prevails,

men belonging to the "wrong" union, or to no union, are automatically barred from work in a given factory. Keep this up and the right to work would vanish altogether.

Did you ever buy a newspaper in New York City? If you did, it was delivered by a member of one of the most exclusive organizations in the world. One of the by-laws of the union representing newspaper deliverymen in New York provides that no one can become a member unless he is the "legitimate son" of a man who is or was a member of that union.

IN Duluth, Minnesota, Walfred Stellberg was a member of the Milk Drivers and Dairy Employees Union. His wife had been a department manager in the Glass Block Store for 26 years. When the Retail Clerks Union in her store struck, she continued to work. Her husband asked her not to, but she did. So on the 31st of October last year, his union fined Walfred Stellberg \$1,500 and suspended him from the union. It demanded that the company dismiss him from his job under a closed-shop agreement.

The labor unions have a great deal to contribute. But they cannot contribute if they stifle the democratic process in moth balls, close their unions, close the shop, and close down the factories.

5. **COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.** Industry is definitely for the right to collective bargaining. And it is definitely against compulsory arbitration.

The preservation of free collective bargaining demands that Government intervention in labor disputes be reduced to an absolute minimum, and that the union as well as the employer be required by law to abide by collective-bargaining agreements.

6. **"FEATHERBEDDING," ETC.** Last year wages went up and productivity went down. Rising prices were the inevitable result.

Only maximum production can raise the workers' standards of living. Yet there are at least five common types of "make-work" limitations imposed by organized labor on working efficiency.

First, and most frequent, are unduly restrictive limits on the amount of work an employee is allowed to do.

Second comes "featherbedding," a railroad term for requiring companies to employ more men than are needed on a job.

Third are rules requiring unnecessary work, such as taking to pieces and re-assembling electrical equipment in New York City if the equipment has been assembled outside of town.

Fourth is the restriction on improved processes and machines, such as the restriction of painters from using spray guns, or any brush wider than four inches, lest they finish a job too soon.

Fifth is the restrictions on prefabricated products such as wallboard, hollow tile, preassembled fixtures for bathrooms, and prefabricated houses.

The only way in which real wages can be increased is through increased productivity. This does not mean the speed-up. It does mean a full day's work for a full day's pay.

7. **THE OPEN SHOP.** The more unnecessary qualifications there are on the right to work, the further away we are from a free economy. The open shop means freedom and opportunity to work. It's just as unhealthy to an economy for a union to turn monopolist as it would be for an employer to restrain trade.

The right of employees to join a union or not to join a union should be protected by law, and in exercising these rights the employees should be protected against coercion from any source.

8. **EMPLOYER PRACTICES.** Good sense and fair play should permit an employer to select employees on the basis of their ability to do the work that needs to be done—not on the basis of how high an initiation fee they can pay, nor whether their fathers delivered newspapers.

Employers should see to it that their policies encourage:

A spirit of cooperation between employees and management;

Working conditions that safeguard the health, dignity, and self-respect of the individual employee;

Employment that is stabilized to the greatest possible degree;

High wages based on high productivity, with incentives to encourage superior performance and output.

Such a program not only reinforces the right to work, but it builds the sort of men who can make a country great.

Let a Man Ask

*Let no man ask for more than a road to follow,
And a new horizon dim with purple tone,
And eyes forever seeking the far, faint meanings
Beyond the farthest fragments of the known.*

*Let him ask never to come to the edge of skyline
Where nothingness will turn him on his past;
Let him ask a horizon always to shimmer faintly,
And the will to follow the future to the last!*

—ISABELLE BRYANS LONGFELLOW

POINT YOUR FINGER . . .



TALK INSTANTLY

WITH THE
New 1947

FLEXIFONE

\$44⁵⁰

FOR UNIT SHOWN

Give orders . . . get action . . . gather information . . . with the New **FLEXIFONE**! No waiting for operator, no dials or buzzers. Save Time, money, steps and nerves. Executive decisions are swiftly, clearly carried to the man you want—or you can hold a rapid **FLEXIFONE** conference with several men, each at his desk! Choice of several models with capacities up to 20 connections.

Mail coupon today and let free folder show you how **FLEXIFONE** gives you Wings for Your Words.



FREE . . .
PIN TO YOUR LETTERHEAD

OPERADIO MFG. CO.
Dept. R-15, St. Charles, Ill.

Please send free literature as checked:
☐ Flexifone Intercommunication
☐ Plant-Broadcasting
☐ Make appointment to discuss our needs

Name

Address

City State

OPERADIO

FLEXIFONE

INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEMS



New Advertising Machine Prints & Illustrates 1¢ Post Cards

FREE! Learn how thousands of merchants and business men are boosting sales in spite of product shortages with 1¢ messages—printed in a few minutes on 60¢ postcards—with amazing new, patented **CARDMASTER**. Your "today's" ideas for specials, read by prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy, advertising machine, built to last many years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed, five years.

SEND NAME We'll send free illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. Rush your name today.

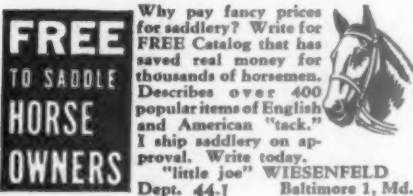
CARDMASTER COMPANY
4546 Ravenswood Dept. 43, Chicago 40, Ill.



Do/More chairs are the choice of thousands of busy executives — for comfortable sitting, and postural aid to physical fitness, mental alertness.

DOMORE CHAIR COMPANY, INC. Send for FREE booklet, Dept. 328 Elkhart, Indiana "PHYSICAL FITNESS"

DO/MORE Posture Chairs



FREE TO SADDLE HORSE OWNERS Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for FREE Catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Describes over 400 popular items of English and American "tack." I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe" **WIESENFELD** Dept. 44-J Baltimore 1, Md.

YOU WILL TREASURE

Pontius Pilate's Report to Caesar on the Crucifixion of Christ. Absorbing old book reprinted. Not a religious treatise but Pilate's report to his superior! Also gives conversation between Christ and Pilate, something you have perhaps never read! Send check for \$1.00 or dollar bill. If not satisfied return it and we'll refund \$1.35. But, we guess you'll not part with your copy.

LA CROSSE PUBLISHERS
La Crosse Wisconsin



KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

HIGH SCHOOL and JUNIOR COLLEGE
• 103rd year. Accredited education with military training to help develop courtesy, self-reliance, leadership, ROTC. Small classes. Varied social, cultural, recreational program. Sports for all—extensive schedule. 5 gridirons, 5 diamonds, tennis, golf, flying. Pool, New stadium, gym. Catalog. Colonel A. M. Hitch. 1237 Third St., Booneville, Missouri.

TRANSPARO Art Corners

Mount photos, stamps, covers, etc. with complete visibility - removable at will. Order of your dealer - or write **Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co.** Dept. 79-Q 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



Opinion

Pithy Bits Gleaned from Talks, Letters, and Rotary Publications

A 'P-38' Prayer for Peace

ROBERT BRUCE YOUNG, JR., Rotarian
Church Business Manager
Hollywood, California

May the precious power of God, through prayer, permeate, preëempt, possess, and perfect our life plans and program; pardon and preclude our procrastinations and prejudices. Prepare and plan our policies and persuade many persons to profess proper preference for proved principles and precepts; provide and prolong our faith in His perfect providence and purpose, and help to permanently preserve world peace, for which He provides the only perfect prescription.

The President: Source of Inspiration

S. PAUL VECKER, Rotarian
Power-Company Executive
Raleigh, North Carolina

Your Club is not a "knife and fork" organization. It is a group of the best people organized for the purpose of making definite contributions for the betterment of the community so that it will be for its citizens a better place to live. Men who are selected to become Rotarians accept the challenge "Service above Self." The man who accepts the high office of Club President unquestionably is the man who has the respect and esteem of all others in this group who have volunteered their services for the betterment of others. So, it places a responsibility upon the President—a responsibility which is most difficult to define, but one which can be met by living squarely up to the principle of our motto "He Profits Most Who Serves Best." Your office as President does place upon you the burden of guiding the affairs of your Club. Through this actual demonstration of guidance members of the Club are inspired to action and through organized efforts the most worth-while objectives may be attained. —From an address to the 189th Rotary District Assembly, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

'Fellowship . . . Kinder Knits Friendship'

S. H. HORTON, Rotarian
Cotton Shipper
Grenada, Mississippi

Rotary, to me, seems to be something like a human sieve that takes a fellow's character and, by its process, sifts away the dross and leaves the traits that are fine and good for the human soul. I do sincerely believe that Rotarians have at heart the things that make of them better men. . . . There's something in the fellowship we gather there when we meet that kinder knits the fibers of friendship and understanding a little closer and a little tighter. . . . It's like a seed we plant in fertile soil, tending it and cultivating it until it develops and grows into something that's big and strong and well worth our efforts of care. . . . An acquaintance soon becomes

a friend, a friend because we learn to know him and find in him those things that we like and admire. Then we have another jewel to add to our life's tiara, something we all must wear down here, whether it be of thorns or jewels. I am grateful to Rotary for what it means to me. There I find a fine spirit of good fellowship and companionship that sorter gives me a lift. . . . In moments of retrospect I think of our Club members who have gone on ahead of us into that realm of which we know so little. What a fine gesture to their memory it would be if we would set aside one day each year as a memorial to them. These fine fellows were gleaned from the cream of our membership and it's but fitting that we show our appreciation of their influence on us, who are left behind, with this tribute.—From the Grenada Rotary Club Bulletin.

Sheep Sense

A. F. BARKER, Educator
Portland, Australia

The Merino sheep, from following the narrow valleys of Spain, up north and back again south, have become very given to "follow my leader" and, being so carefully shepherded, are lost if left to look after themselves. On the other hand, the English sheep is very capable of looking after itself; always wants to see what is going on, and is given to spreading out rather than "follow my leader." The Merino sheep is lost in the snow; the English sheep revels in it and knows how to scrape the snow off the vegetation and to shake the shrubs and browse.

Re: Rotary Fellowship

ALAKH DHARI, Rotarian
Cotton-Goods Manufacturer
Moradabad, India

It takes some time for a new member—especially in a large Rotary Club—to feel at home in the Rotary fellowship. But we might well take a tip from an American Indian, who was recently admitted as member in an American Club. This enterprising Rotarian wasted no time in exposing himself to the friendship of the group. When introduced in a meeting of the Club, he simply said: "You have all known me as 'Chief Train-whistle,' but now that I am a Rotarian, you will call me 'Toots.'" This is the spirit which I would like members of the Rotary fellowship to imbibe and practice. . . .

Some people do not seem to grasp the wisdom of the divine endowment of two ears and only one tongue. The measure of your speech and loquacity may thus absorb only 50 percent of the time and attention given to hearing others. The art of living well is perhaps epitomized in the following saying: read much, think more, speak less.—From an address to the Intercity Rotary meeting, Mussoorie, India.

I Believe

By J. Kenfield Morley

Rotarian, Louisville, Ky

AS THE YEARS slide past, I realize more and more that life is measured by its altitude and not by its length.

I believe that in nations as in individuals, we are far more likely to be impressed by the bad points than by the good.

I believe a world leader is one who sees a little ahead. A world prophet is one who sees far ahead.

I believe dictators seek a place in the sun by casting all others into darkness.

I believe the 20th Century will not hold an admirable position unless its second half redeems its first.

I believe peace can become permanent in the world through the establishment of a legal order beyond and above national sovereignty.

I believe the old-fashioned wall phone had one advantage: it made the bore quit talking when his feet got tired.

I believe the average person believes about half of what he hears, and usually the wrong half.

I believe that people living 20 years from now will still be calling these the good old days.

I believe none of us will ever get indigestion from swallowing our pride occasionally.

I believe one cause of misery and ruin is our failure to go through with unpleasant tasks.

I believe that discontent is the chief source of all our troubles, but also of all our progress.

I believe when nations talk about spheres of influence, they mean a foreign policy which seeks influence in the spheres of others.

I believe man has magnified world affairs . . . but world affairs have not magnified man.

I believe in a democracy there is much complaint and little suffering. In a dictatorship there is much suffering and little complaint.

I believe that Experience is the name most of us give to our mistakes.

I believe the richest country in the world is not the one that has the most money, but the one that has the least poverty among its people.

I believe there is something wrong with a man, as with a motor, when he knocks continuously.

I believe that as a general rule, it takes at least as long to get out of any trouble as it took to get into it.

I believe that the size of a man can be measured by the size of the thing which makes him mad.

I believe that when a man doesn't care a whoop what people think, he has

• Incomparable values in

Beautiful SAROUK RUGS

These lovely, jewel-like Sarouk rugs are a lifetime investment for either home or office. Selected from the famous Nahigian Brothers stock, they are especially marked to save you 33⅓%. Choose the rich glowing colors of a scatter rug or room-size Sarouk to add beauty and dignity to any setting. Rugs sent on approval to Rotarians and their friends.

• SEE THESE EXCEPTIONAL VALUES

10 rugs 9.0 x 12.0.....	\$675.00
10 rugs 6.6 x 4.0.....	275.00
10 rugs 5.0 x 3.6.....	155.00
10 rugs 4.0 x 2.0.....	85.00

Nahigian Brothers, Inc.

Fine Rugs and Carpeting

169 North Wabash Ave.

FRANKLIN 8800

Established 1890

For the Program Maker—the 1946 Index to THE ROTARIAN will soon be available. Here is a convenient reference to articles on economic, social, and Rotary subjects. Order yours today from the magazine offices: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

SOLVES Your PROBLEM
for certain Decorative Effects

Use beautiful, attractive, DI-LON Wall Coverings for your office, place of business, reception room, hall, den, game room, library, etc. All are finest, authentic, realistic reproductions of wood grains, marble, leathers, weaves. Washable, sunfast, durable, in a wide range of textures in natural colors. Apply like wallpaper. DI-LON offers you unlimited possibilities for truly distinctive effects. For generous samples, send twenty-five cents.

THE WARNER CO.
Dept. R, 418 S. Wabash, Chicago 3, Ill.

Labels in image: KNOTTY PINE, PLAIN CUT WALNUT, MARBLE, LAUHALLA



IMPROVE YOUR SMILE

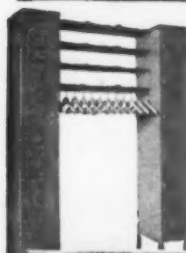
Rely on Revelation Tooth Powder; safe, sure and dependable. Recommended by dentists generally... **IN ALL-METAL CANS. Original flavor retained.**



On sale
everywhere

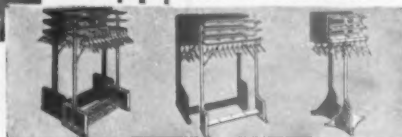
REVELATION TOOTH POWDER

The OFFICE VALET



End All "Wraps" Problems
Valet Costumers and Racks
keep clothing "in press,"
aired on spaced hangers,
and hats on ventilated
shelves. Save floor space—
accommodate 3 persons per
sq. ft. Fit in anywhere.
Lifetime welded construction.

Where lockers are needed
for lunches, tools, aprons,
etc., use PETERSON Locker
Racks. 5 ft. x 15 in. unit
provides 12 persons with
hangers, hat spaces and in-
dividual 12 in. x 12 in. x
15 in. lock boxes. These
combination units are widely
used to double capacity of,
or eliminate, locker rooms.
Write for Bulletin H-11.



VOGEL-PETERSON CO.

"The Coat Rack People"
624 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, U.S.A.

Great for Fishing!

Take it along! 6-volt
spotlight and flood-
light. Shoots light 800-
ft. A genuine Delta. At
hardware, sport, and
electrical stores... \$3.25
Less battery...

Delta Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana



POWERlite 2-LITE ELECTRIC LANTERN

likely reached either the bottom or the top.

I believe the world has never known a postwar period. History proves it has always been a prewar period.

I believe every war of trade sooner or later becomes a war of blood.

I believe many nations are still off the Golden Rule as well as the gold standard.

I believe that those who sit around and wait for prosperity will always work for those who don't.

I believe that men and business can become so careful and conservative that they naturally sleep themselves to death.

I believe that money is made by the same way it is lost . . . by taking chances.

I believe that the seller is more price-conscious than the buyer.

I believe that happiness and success are not in the slightest synonymous.

I believe that most of us ask questions and opinions of others not half so much for information as for approval of one's opinions.

I believe that some of life's best work is done under the head of relaxation.

I believe that the grandest thrills are nine times out of ten spontaneous.

I believe that the best intentions frequently bring about the saddest results.

OUR San Francisco

[Continued from page 17]

fine Spanish, Italian, and Monterey types, and on to the stately classic homes of Pacific and Presidio Heights. On Telegraph Hill, clinging rather desperately to its steep rocky sides, the homes of artists and Bohemians, where the garage is in the attic, the bedroom on the first floor, and the living room in between.

And our names! The Cow Palace, the Poodle Dog, the Fly Trap, the Blue Goose—also the Blue Moon, the Blue Fox, the Bull Pup, Fish Alley, Chop-Stick, Coo Coo's, Maiden Lane, Junipero Serra, Yerba Buena, again contrasts; names run riot in every language, from the rough and tough like Spider Kelly's to the Spanish Saints: the Santos Rita, Clara, Cruz, Monica, Paula, Rosa. Ynez, Ysabel, Rafael, Miguel, and so on.

San Francisco's an old sailor from way back. Someone has said it was "born of salt water and raised on gold dust." Drive along its 43 piers for foreign trade and 17½ miles of berthing space and you will understand better its place in world trade. The harbor is San Francisco's outstretched hand to the world trade of the Far East of the future, for it is in the East that the great commercial opportunities of the

I believe no two lives on earth have ever worked out alike.

I believe almost nothing is so wonderful as we are apt to anticipate.

I believe the darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.

I believe that most labor troubles are provoked by those who don't labor.

I believe "you can't fool all the people all of the time," but that isn't necessary so long as you fool a majority.

I believe experience is what you get when you're looking for something else.

I believe a lot of us make the mistake of spending when our income is high and saving when our income is low.

I believe the relative value of health and wealth always depends on which you have lost.

I believe things would be far worse if the operation of natural laws depended upon public opinion.

I believe that every generation, no matter how paltry its character, thinks itself wiser than the one immediately preceding it.

I believe that if nations were square enough to live up to their treaties, they could get along without them.

I believe that the itching sensation that some people mistake for ambition is merely inflammation of the wishbone.

future lie. There live the millions who have yet to see a jeep, to hear a radio, see a plane, or hear a watch tick. Fresh markets which need everything.

Conventions are held in the Civic Center, a great assemblage of municipal, State, and Federal buildings, lorded over by the City Hall and its vast dome. And that's where we'll be seeing you, fellow Rotarians, in the coming month of June.

"There's a diabolic mystery to your San Francisco," the great Enrico Caruso once said. "Why isn't everyone fat in this city of such excellent cafes?" Now are you worried about how you'll fare on food? Statisticians tell us San Francisco has more hotels in proportion to population than any other city in the United States. Now are you concerned that we won't find room for you?

Your host city is prepared, from its historical background of romance and turmoil, to its present-day uniqueness and distinction, to welcome and to entertain you who will honor it with your presence.

I must, however, tell you of one fault. Rudyard Kipling named it. "San Francisco," he said, "has only one drawback. 'Tis hard to leave."

The Fall and Rise of the Navajo

[Continued from page 35]

the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial is held in Gallup. For four days and nights there are dances, games, rituals, and colorful parades. The crafts of Southwest Indians are on display in a magnificent collection of exhibits. In July there is the similarly colorful pow-wow in Flagstaff, Arizona, which attracts Navajos from all parts of the Reservation.

Some fortunate travellers manage to be on or near the Reservation when "sings" are being held, usually in the Fall, and have the unique experience of being spectators at these strange rituals when chants are sung, sand paintings made, and rites performed to cure the sick. The price of the medicine man's services and the high cost of hospitality are borne by the sick person or his family. To sit among a circle of Navajos around a campfire, watching and listening to a dance team chant a strange melody of music, animal tones, half cries, and high-pitched notes, is a bizarre experience indeed. But the most spectacular is their Fire Dance, when—daubed with white clay and wearing only loin cloths—they dance about a campfire, flaying themselves and the other dancers with flaming torches of twigs and bark, and shrieking strange cries.

Basically, the Navajos are sheepmen and farmers. Corn is their main cereal food, and they grow it wherever there is sufficient irrigation or rain to dampen the soil. To supplement corn, they raise squashes and melons. Their meat is chiefly mutton, with goat meat and venison for variety when they can get it.

THE amazing Navajo adaptability to environment and the consequent rapid population increase are making problems for *Dineh*. Their 55,000 people live on a Reservation which the Indian Service experts estimate could under the best conditions—with improvements and conservation projects—adequately support 35,000.

Many Navajo men have worked for wages elsewhere during war years—when drought and overgrazing brought on sharp curtailment of their herds and upset their economy. Railroads hired thousands for track gangs. Others replaced workers in the fields of the Southwest and many migrated to California and other near-by States for war jobs. But they always come back. As workers, their worst fault, I've been told, is that they will leave their jobs at a moment's notice when they hear there is to be a "sing"—that combination cere-

*S*TACY-ADAMS SHOES — fitted for years by the famous staff of skilled shoe fitters of MARSHALL FIELD & CO. Chicago, may now be selected in comfortable surroundings in Marshall Field's new and novel "Select by Display" Shoe Department.



STACY-ADAMS
Shoemakers Since 1875
Brookline 62, Massachusetts

KING SPECIAL!! GIFT CHEESE PACKAGE

Select Wisconsin White American aged King Cheddar for your business associates, fishing, hunting or golfing pals. Also makes a nice late evening snack when you raid the refrigerator. Recipe folder for tasty cheese dishes enclosed. Shipped in 3 pound gift package at \$2.85, prepaid. (Add 10c extra West of Rocky Mts.) Send mailing list with check or money order.

KING DISTRIBUTORS

904 N. 12th. Manitowoc, Wisconsin

PLAN YOUR *Scott Lawn* NOW!



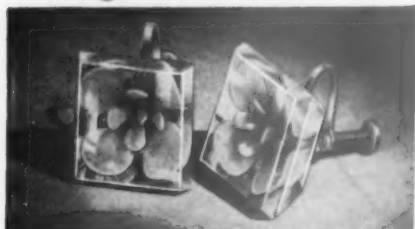
Don't be a "putter-off", take time out right now and join the thousands of successful lawn owners by sending for a

FREE 2 YEAR

Subscription to LAWN CARE

It keeps you constantly informed about such subjects as weed and pest control, feeding, mowing, watering and seasonal maintenance. It's a reliable guide for amateur lawn makers. Start right by knowing the advantages of early feeding and seeding. Just drop a card to...

O. M. Scott & SONS CO.
78 Spring Street, Marysville, Ohio



Earrings - Gay colorful flower imprisoned in synthetic Crystal!

Here is the perfect answer to your quest for a truly lovely surprise Easter gift for the lovely ladies of your household. Jewel earring creations are original, distinctive, irresistible, light in weight! By means of a special process, exquisite flowers are individually sculptured in gleaming synthetic crystal, and charmingly hand colored in shades to match milady's taste. The flowers stand out in relief in their crystal-clear "prison"—a radiant note that pleases, cheers and glorifies.

Money Back Guarantee: Send only \$6 (includes Federal excise tax) for each pair of Jewel earrings, we pay postage. Specify colors desired (rose, blue, yellow, orchid, aqua). If they aren't enthusiastically received and completely satisfactory, return for full refund. Pre-Easter delivery if you act right away.

JUEL CREATIONS
2711 Morse Ave., Chicago 45, Ill.

1 TYPOGRAPHY...
MEANS TYPE EXPERTLY SET
Complete layout and typographic service
Wide choice of foundry and machine faces
A-1 COMPOSITION CO.
155 E. OHIO STREET • CHICAGO 11, ILL.

ORANGE JUICE
DIRECT TO YOU FROM FLORIDA
You have never tasted finer orange or grapefruit juice. It's 4-minutes-fresh. No preservatives or sugar. Keeps without refrigeration. 12 big 46 oz. containers—your choice: all orange, all grapefruit or 6 of each. \$3.95. No COD. Exp. chgs. coll.
PETER PAN GROVES
Department S-4 Coral Gables, Florida



YOU'LL LOVE IT TOO!!
You can subscribe to THE ROTARIAN... You don't have to belong to a Rotary Club... Just send \$1.50 (in the Pan-American Postal Union or Canada: \$2.00 elsewhere) to—

THE ROTARIAN
39 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois

monial, celebration, and healing ritual. The tug of tribal tradition is strong in every Navajo heart.

More land and more intensive use of it through frigation, industry, and competition with white men in the white man's world are offered as the solution of the Navajos' problem.

Chee Dodge, former chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council who died January 7, 1947, saw education as the salvation of his tribe. The Reservation has had a bad record of illiteracy. Demands that more and more schools and better and better educational facilities be provided were almost an obsession with this self-made, self-educated chief and leader. When 86 years old, Chee Dodge last May personally headed a delegation to Washington to plead for substantial funds for Navajo schools, which he charged have been promised since 1868 and never adequately provided.

When the wise old man returned to Gallup, the newspapermen there interviewed him, and the Gallup *Independent* quoted his words. "We did a hell of a lot of talking and they wrote it all down," the then chairman was quoted as saying. "They know what we want and I guess we will get it."

And get it they will—at least a part of it, for Congress appropriated additional funds for schooling.

That the Navajos are adaptable to many kinds of employment when they are properly trained and educated was proved in the armed services. Navajos served in every branch of the service, operating as gunners in bombers, as aircraft-detection operators, and in other jobs requiring technical skill. But as traditional warriors, many chose the Marines for the opportunity to see plenty of action. The Marine Corps, too, developed many rapid communication teams of Navajos. These Navajo code talkers served in various theaters of the Pacific war zone. They had little to fear from enemy intelligence listening in. If their language didn't encompass modern technical terms, they soon were able to develop Navajo phrases that expressed the idea.

One interesting example of the development of the Navajo language to handle modern technical terms was reported by Dr. Florence M. Hawley, University of New Mexico anthropologist. Dr. Hawley related that, long lacking a Navajo name for automobiles, some Indians in northwestern New Mexico finally started calling it *chugey*. From there on it was easy. A motorcycle, having only two wheels, became *chugey begay*, or in other words, "Automobile, Jr.," for *begay* in Navajo means "son!"

Even the problem of unpronounceable (for the white man) names has been solved very simply. At Farmington, New Mexico, the Selective Service board had to contend with such names as Haska Yee-Dah-Hah Yah, Bill



CHEE DODGE, 86-year-old former chairman of the tribal council, who died last January, fought valiantly for increased Navajo schooling.

Ichi Binali, Andrew Sabegotten Begay, and Willie Clizzie Thlany. But many other young Navajos had solved the problem for themselves and the white people. For they listed themselves as Woodrow Wilson, Al Smith, Fred Harvey, Andrew Jackson, Henry Ford.

The Navajos have been cited for their services in the war effort and have been decorated for bravery in battle. But back home in New Mexico and Arizona they still are not permitted by law in these two States to vote.

Even this question may ultimately find solution, for they have actually started the ball rolling by filing suit in New Mexico district court seeking damages from the McKinley County clerk for failure to accept registration to vote from three Indian plaintiffs. The suit alleges the clerk's failure to accept registration on the basis that they pay no taxes and that Indians not taxed are disqualified under New Mexico law from voting. The suit claims that they do pay taxes and asks a determination of voting rights.

Their neighbors, the Pueblo Indians, are more philosophical about the lack of voting privileges.

A Rio Grande Pueblo Indian Governor said his people are not interested. "The white people," he said, "have had the vote for a long time. Look at the failure they have made of it!"



Hobby Hatching Post

WANT to leave business cares behind when you shut your desk each night? Then get a hobby—make it music! That's the tested advice of this month's hobbyist.

JOHN R. SHAYS, JR., holds the "photostat service" classification in the Rotary Club of New York, New York. After hours, however, look for him at his piano. Ever since he was a youngster he has played that well-known instrument for his own entertainment and enjoyment.

"As many piano players know," he says, "it is a lot of fun just to sit and play anything that comes to your mind, improvising as you go along. You play something that pleases you one day, and the next day you have forgotten what it was.

"I had been doing this for years," he adds, "but one day a certain melody seemed to linger. I played it over several times and finally put it down on paper so that I wouldn't forget it. A little later, while riding in a subway train, lyrics came to me that seemed to fit the melody. I wrote them down on a scrap of paper, and when I got home that night, I put the lyrics with the melody and discovered that I had a song.

"Before I realized it I was developing other tunes and lyrics—and now I do about six of them a year," he adds.

Two of his songs—*I Fell in Love with Wonderful You* and *It's Just a Little Kiss*—have been published in sheet-music form and have been orchestrated by one of the leading arrangers in the United States. They have been played by such well-known orchestras as those of Vincent Lopez and Vaughn Monroe.

"Did I get involved or not? Me, at my age, with six grandchildren running around, writing tunes for the jitterbugs and bobby-soxers to dance to," ROTARIAN SHAYS laughs.

Sometimes it is quite a while between songs, he admits, explaining that the ideas come from different situations. One of his recent numbers, *O. K. Kay*, was the answer to a suggestion of one of his employees.

"A young woman whom we all called Kay asked me one day why I didn't write a song about her," HOBBYIST SHAYS recalls.

His reply was, "O. K., Kay, I will do that little thing for you."

He took the title from his reply, and wrote the lyrics around it, later developing a tune to fit them.

One SHAYS piece has been slanted directly at Rotarians. His *Men of Rotary* has been heard by countless visitors at the New York Rotary Club. That song has been so well received, in fact, that several hundred Clubs throughout

the United States have requested and received copies of it.

"I had just left a Club conference at which the subject of a new greeting song had been discussed at quite some length by the Chairman of the Music Committee," ROTARIAN SHAYS recalls.

"The members seemed so anxious to have a new greeting song for our Club that I was impressed. The lyrics came to me as I rode the shuttle train between Grand Central Terminal and Times Square. I wrote them down. At the same time a tune was going through my mind which seemed to be ideal for the words.

"I could hardly wait until I got to my piano to put the two together. When I did, I knew that it wouldn't need any changing. In fact, when I took it to my arranger, I believe he made only one or two chord changes. The song today is practically identical with my original idea."

Last year when the Rotary Club of Brewster, New York, had its charter-night party, ROTARIAN SHAYS found the lyrics of his song on the printed program—at the request of the President of the sponsor Club.

"I like to write popular songs," he says, "but if the inspiration came to me, I would just as soon write a hymn or sacred song. I feel, though, that in a hobby like this, one has to depend a great deal upon inspiration, both for lyrics as well as melodies. It would take all the fun out of it if one tried to make a business of it, and cranked out new tunes as is done in Tin Pan Alley. But if the inspiration comes, I am ready to write another song tomorrow."



Shays

What's Your Hobby?

Are your hobby interests such that you can share them with others? Then drop a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM, and one of these months your name will appear in this column. You must be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, and you are asked to answer all mail that the listing may bring your way.

Pen Pals: Pat O'Brien (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals aged 13-14), 2327 Eton Ridge, Madison, Wis., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Joyce Anderson (daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals interested in music, swimming, skating; collects pennants, movie-star pictures, stamps), Chicago City, Minn., U.S.A.

Seals: Buttons: Mrs. Frank P. Goodman (wife of Rotarian—collects State, national, and military seals, and picture and story buttons; will exchange for other types of buttons), Lake Alfred, Fla., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Mary Anne Hassler (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes teen-age pen friends interested in collecting picture postcards, movie-star pictures, music), 15 Waverly Ave., Highland Park 3, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

Oh So Good! SHARP CHEDDAR SWISS COLONY CHEESE

(NOT SOLD IN STORES)

It's truly sharp-flavored, this prize Natural Cheddar from Wisconsin. It brings a true, full taste that thrills every palate. Entirely different from "process" cheeses you buy at the store. Wonderful with crackers, in sandwiches, in countless tasty cheese dishes. Melting heightens its delightful flavor. Swiss Colony Sharp Cheddar was made 2½ years ago, in the verdant grass season of 1944, and has been patiently aging ever since. You'll love it!

Special Offer—SHARP CHEDDAR CHEESE of this age and quality is virtually unobtainable in stores today. Our supply is going fast . . . but order now and we'll ship you 4 pounds of this delicious full-flavored, sharp Cheddar, shipping prepaid for \$4.65. (Pack-A 11)

AGED CHEDDAR—1½ years old, made in the early grass season of 1945, 4 lb. pack, including shipping, \$3.95. (Pack B-11)

FOR CHEESE CONNOISSEURS—Alps Blue Box, with a liberal cut of Aged Cheddar, fine Summer-Cured Swiss, Shelf-Cured Brick, Resoli, Camembert, and Glarus—an excellent selection of soft and firm cheese 3½ lbs. mailed shipping prepaid, to you or your friends for only \$3.90. (Pack C-11)

5 lbs. of same assortment, \$5.50. (Pack D-11) (Add 25c on all shipments west of Rockies)

THE SWISS COLONY
111 CHEESE LANE MONROE, WIS.

To complete your Rotary library add Bound Volumes of past issues of THE ROTARIAN. Prices sent on request.

FIND OUT WHY THE

DEAF

CALL IT A MIRACLE

This ONE
Tiny Unit is ALL
You Wear

About ½ size
and weight
of old-style
hearing aids.

More
people wear
BELTONE
than all other
one-unit
hearing aids
combined.



You'd call this new BELTONE Mono-Pac Hearing Aid a miracle, too, if you had been wearing a separate battery pack strapped to your body, with entangling wires, and then suddenly found the new

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
and an ADVERTISED PRODUCT



Beltone

ONE-UNIT
HEARING AID

BELTONE HEARING AID CO.
1450 W. 19th St., Dept. R-3, Chicago 6

FREE BOOKLET—MAIL COUPON



Beltone Hearing Aid Co., Dept. R-3
1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me, without obligation, FREE Booklet about Hearing Problems.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____



"EVERYTHING YOUR CLUB NEEDS!"

Speaker's Stands • Cast Bronze Bells •
Lapel Buttons • Luncheon Badges • Flags
& Banners • Road Signs • Record Systems
• Emblem Souvenirs

Send for Rotary Catalog
RUSSELL-HAMPTON CO.
325 W. Madison St. Chicago 6, Ill.

FREE Catalog
OF BRONZE CLUB TABLET DESIGNS



Write us today for
free 48-page catalog,
showing over 150 il-
lustrated suggestions
for solid bronze tab-
lets-war memorials,
honor rolls, testi-
monials, award
plaques, etc. Ask
for Catalog R.

INTERNATIONAL BRONZE 36 EAST 22nd ST.
BRONZE TABLET CO., INC. NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

**CLUB GONGS
ARE BACK AGAIN**



Regular Gong 10" x 6" with Club
Emblem, Gavel and Cover, Com-
plete \$15.00
Junior Gong 7" x 5" with Club
Emblem, Gavel and Cover, Com-
plete NOW 7.50

Engraving Extra
Secretary's Catalogue Now in
Preparation
"OLD GLORY" MFG. CO.
263 W. Harrison St. Chicago 6, Illinois

SIX HIT PROGRAMS



FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Ladies' Nights, Conventions, Holidays,
Men's, etc. Full evenings of sparkling
laughter-packed originality. Everything
furnished. Success absolutely guaran-
teed. Shipped anywhere; very low cost.
Thousands of Clubs say "Greatest hit—best
ever." Write for Book of Programs.
The Party Guide, 1413 Bryn Mawr, Chicago 26, Ill.

SPEECHES We write speeches on any sub-
ject. Confidential. "Speeches
For Every Occasion," a collection, \$2.00. Public Speaking Manual
\$2.00. Officer's Handbook with Instant Parliamentary Guide, \$2.00.
List of prepared talks sent free upon request.


JOKES "New Jokes and Humorous Talks" mailed monthly
\$10.00 a year. Speaker's Joke Book, \$2.50. Toast-
master's Humor Guide, \$2.00. Stag Night Stories, \$2.00. Salesman's
Joke Book, \$2.00. Punch Lines For Every Purpose, \$2.00.

PROGRAMS Program Chairman's Plan Book, \$2.00.
Ladies' Night Program, \$2.00. Best Club
& Lodge Stunt, \$2.00. Banquet Book, \$2.00. Holiday programs.
Canadian orders billed. Write for information.


NATIONAL REFERENCE LIBRARY
1468 W. 9th St. Cleveland 13, Ohio

FREE
TO SADDLE
HORSE
OWNERS

Why pay fancy prices
for saddlery? Write for
FREE Catalog that has
saved real money for
thousands of horsemen.
Describes over 400
popular items of English
and American "tack."
I ship saddlery on ap-
proval. Write today.
"Little Joe" WIESENFELD
Dept. 44-J Baltimore 1, Md.



LEARN PORTRAIT PAINTING
AT HOME



• Previous art training or talent
NOT necessary. This new Stuart
System teaches you, in 11 simple,
easy-to-follow lessons, to make
crisp charcoal and oil likenesses.
Guidance for your every step.
Send for free book today.

STUART STUDIOS,
121 Monument Circle, Room 493, Indianapolis 9, Ind.
Please send me free book and outline of lessons.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Stripped Gears

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Ro-
tarians or their wives submitting
stories used under this heading.
Send entries to *Stripped Gears*,
THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East
Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.
The following is a favorite of Mrs.
Henry T. McIntosh, wife of an
Albany, Georgia, Rotarian.

An old Southern planter with
leanings toward atheism was dis-
cussing the matter with his equal-
ly aged Negro servant. "Sam,"
he asked, "do you believe in a
life hereafter?"

"Yessah, I sure duz, boss. They's
a heav'n fo' folks what don' mess
'round, and fo' folks what duz,
they's 'nother place jus' the oppo-
site."

"Well, I don't know, Sam," the
planter said, "but I'd like to find
out. Let's make an agreement:
the one who gets over first—
whichever place—must come back
and tell the other what it's like."

For a moment Sam studied his
master with a wrinkled brow.
Then he nodded agreement.

"Yassah, boss—dat's all right
wit' me. Provided that effen yo'
dies fust, yo' comes back in the
daytime, suh."

Oil or Stone?

The people listed below represent
some of the world's masterpieces in
sculpture and painting. In which me-
dium are they?

- | | Oil | Stone |
|--|------|-------|
| 1. The Thinker | | |
| 2. Mona Lisa | | |
| 3. Parish Clerk | | |
| 4. Seated Moses | | |
| 5. Venus of Milo | | |
| 6. Sistine Madonna | | |
| 7. The Blue Boy | | |
| 8. Apollo of the Belvedere | | |
| 9. Washington Crossing the
Delaware | | |
| 10. The Discus Thrower | | |
| 11. Laughing Cavalier | | |
| 12. David | | |

This puzzle was contributed by Gerard
Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island.

Wanted

The following people sought some-
thing, but what they found was not al-
ways what they were seeking. Who
are they?

- Who wanted "more worlds to con-
quer" and found a way to drink himself
to death?
- Who wanted a route to the Indies,
and found a new world?

3. Who went out with a lantern in
the daytime because he wanted an
honest man, and found a tub to sleep
in at night?

4. Who wanted the Fountain of Youth,
and found a land of flowers?

5. Who wanted seven golden cities,
and found the Colorado River?

6. Who wanted a place to stand in
order to move the world, and found a
new application for science in his bath
tub?

7. Who wanted to find a young lover
lost from Acadia, and found an old man
on his deathbed?

8. Who wanted "Liberty or death,"
and found a niche in Bartlett?

9. Who wanted Dr. Livingstone, and
found him—"I presume"?

10. Who has always wanted to be
given his due, and gets it, by heck!

This puzzle was contributed by Stewart
Schenley, of Monaca, Pennsylvania.

The answers to these puzzles will be
found on the following page.

Quiet, Please!

A pretty girl
Whose voice was shrill,
Inspired the line:
"I love you still."

—HELEN GORN SUTIN

TWICE TOLD TALES

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

He Knew

Glowing young husband: "When I got
home last night, my wife met me with
a big kiss. She had a swell dinner ready,
and she let me off wiping the dishes,
and—"

Gloomy veteran: "And how did you
like her new hat?"—*Rotarypep*, FRANK-
FORT, INDIANA.

May Be

The people who drive fastest past a
school are the same ones who took so
long going through it!—*Spatters*, MO-
NONGAHELA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Question of Doubt

Uncle: "You boys of today want too
much money. Do you know what I
was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "Nope, and I bet you didn't
either."—*The Weekly Broadcaster*,
WELCH, WEST VIRGINIA.

Suitably Inscribed

Little Timothy had bought Grandma
a book for Christmas and wanted to
write a suitable inscription on the fly-
leaf. He racked his brain, until sud-
denly he remembered that his father

had a book with an inscription, of which he was very proud. So Tim decided to copy it.

You can imagine Grandma's surprise on Christmas morning when she opened her gift, a *Bible*, and found neatly inscribed the following phrase: "To Grandma, with the compliments of the Author."—*Park City Rotary News*, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

Pushover

A girl had won first prize in English composition. Mother was delighted.

"Dear," she exclaimed, "weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, when there were so many other brilliant contestants?"

"Not for a sec," was the careless rejoinder. "Why, with that bunch of dripickies, Mom, it was a lead-pipe cinch."—*Wichita Eagle*.

Work'em Yourself!

The trouble with world problems is that we can't find the answers in the back of the book.—*The Fort Smithian*, FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

Helpful Suggestion

"How did you lose your job at the dress shop, my dear?"

"Just because of something I said. After I had tried 20 dresses on a woman, she said, 'I think I'd look nicer in something flowing,' so I asked her why she didn't jump in the river."—*The Rotator*, COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Must Be a Lion

He was probably the world's worst golfer and was at the very bottom of

his form. After a particularly exasperating hole he said to his caddy:

"You know, the only reason I play this game is to develop self-control."

"In that case, sir," replied the boy, "you should try caddying instead."—*Wall Street Journal*.

Could Be

A farmer drove into town to visit his doctor. "Doc," he said, "the first time you're out our way I wish you'd stop in and see my wife." "Is she sick?" "Not exactly." "What's the trouble, then?" "Well, yesterday morning she got up at the regular time, about 4 o'clock, milked the cows, got breakfast for the hands, done her housework, churned, and along about 10 o'clock at night she said she felt a bit tired. I expect she needs a tonic or something."—*Rotary Club Bulletin*, YONKERS, NEW YORK.

Not Enough for All

As the train pulled into the station, a traveller on the platform called to a small boy and tossed him a coin. "Son," he said, "here's 50 cents. Get me a sandwich and get one for yourself."

Just as the train was pulling out, the boy returned and ran to the platform where the passenger was waiting for him. "Here's your quarter, Mister," he shouted. "They only had one sandwich."—*Coronet*.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 70

OIL OR STONE? 1. Stone. 2. Oil. 3. Oil. 4. Stone. 5. Stone. 6. Oil. 7. Oil. 8. Stone. 9. Oil. 10. Stone. 11. Oil. 12. Stone.

WANTED: 1. Alexander the Great. 2. Columbus. 3. Diogenes. 4. Ponce de Leon. 5. Coronado. 6. Archimedes. 7. Evangeline. 8. Patrick Henry. 9. Sir Henry M. Stanley. 10. The devil.

Limerick Corner!

Ever write a limerick? Those who have think it's lots of fun! The Fixer offers this bit of encouragement: \$5 will be paid to anyone sending him the first four lines of a limerick selected by him as the limerick-contest entry of the month. Mail your contributions to The Fixer, in care of *The Rotarian* Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Following is the bobtailed limerick for this month. It came from Mrs. L. I. MacMullan, of Norristown, Pennsylvania. If one of your last lines is selected to complete it, you will receive \$2. The deadline on entries: May 1.

ALACK! POOR JACK!

Oh, shed a few tears for poor Jack,
He slapped a big guy on the back;
But too late he learned
That the guy was sunburned.

You may want to consider rhyme words such as: black, clack, crack, hack, knock, lack, pack, sack, slack, stack, track.

WE SEE LEE!

The *Rotarian* for December, in this corner, carried an unfinished limerick about a man who is known as Lee. Inasmuch as many people don't like to see anything unfinished, they submitted last lines. Recall the verse?

We depend on our standby Hank Lee,
Who has talents aplenty for three,
For a lecture or stunt,
A campaign or a hunt,

These lines were considered the ten best, brought each sender \$2:

We see Lee and he answers, "Oil! Oil!"
(J. W. Benjamin, member of the Rotary Club of Lewisburg, West Virginia.)

But he can't write this last line for me!
(Emory Boren, Fairmont, Nebraska.)

All bank on our Hank, yes-sir-ree!
(Mrs. Effie E. Crawford, mother-in-law of a Creston, Iowa, Rotarian.)

He's a honey, as sweet as can bee.
(D. N. Ceburn, member of the Rotary Club of Prescott, Ontario, Canada.)

We hanker for Hank, natural-Leel
(W. C. Jolly, member of the Rotary Club of Cortez, Colorado.)

Ph.D? No-sir-ee. T.N.T.
(Alice Wheeler, Albany, New York.)

Why he even can sing a low "C"!
(Mrs. J. R. Whitman, wife of a Centralia, Missouri, Rotarian.)

Ask his help, and he'll say, "Nacherly!"
(Fannie Malinsky, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

You'll never catch Hank up a tree!
(Mrs. Frank W. Canton, wife of a Schorhar, New York, Rotarian.)

What a good Rotarian Hank would be.
(Melvin R. Vender, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Cass City, Michigan.)



Jacobsen
TIME-TESTED
POWER MOWERS

Over twenty-five years experience in the development of power lawn mowers.

Jacobsen
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN
USE A JACOBSEN AND ENJOY YOUR LAWN



The Perfect
PARTY FAVOR
Designed for
Rotary Wives
4-Inch Costume Pin
of Sterling Silver

Hand-made

Send for brochure and prices to
Kay Dunn
53 Elizabeth
Hammond, Ind.

CHANGE IN POLICY!

Owing to the insistence of our many customers that they be allowed to purchase, rather than rent, our recorded programs, we have changed our policy. Our programs will no longer be rented, but will be **SOLD OUTRIGHT** at the same former rental price of \$12.50. Thus, after your club has had an outstanding program, itself, it can present the kit to a local high school as a gift. Leading educators have acclaimed our programs as exceptional audio-visual teaching aids! Available for immediate delivery: "The Atomic Bomb" and "The Peacetime Uses of Atomic Energy," both starring Neil Hamilton and Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg; also, "Meet Your Mind," starring General William C. Menninger. Everything you need for a complete program is in your "Club-Kit" \$12.50.

Lewellen's PRODUCTIONS

8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois



World Famous
Varieties
GLADIOLUS

BIGGEST
BULB BARGAIN
IN AMERICA

100
BULBS
\$2.98

Think of it! This amazing low price brings you 100 blooming size gladiolus bulbs—8 glorious rainbow mix colors in these 2-year-old, high-price varieties: Picardy, Dr. Bennet, Shirley Temple, Peggy Lou, Maid of Orleans. We will replace any bulb which does not **FLOWER 5 YEARS**. Order now while they last! Sent in plenty of time for spring planting. Money back guarantee.

EXTRA! Prompt orders receive 3 TUBEROSES without additional cost. Bloom first year into waxy white, fragrant flowers, 2 to 3 ft. tall, can be grown in pots, too.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH ORDER
Cash orders sent prepaid—else pay \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. Send order, name and address to:

MICHIGAN BULB CO.
Dept. GK-2209
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

**The
Four
Objects
of
Rotary**

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:
(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.
(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

LAST PAGE

Comment

ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO we picked up the receiver of a buzzing telephone and Paul Harris' friendly voice came in.

"About my Rotary-anniversary message to go in the February *ROTARIAN*," he began, clearing his throat in a manner characteristic of him and of all lawyers about to launch a serious matter. "I would like to smooth out that sentence beginning . . . and then more credit for building early Rotary should go to . . ."

We were not surprised to have Paul call. Once a newspaperman himself, he had the word-craftsman's love of the burnished phrase. And in honors, he always preferred others to himself. But Paul telephoned three times about his February article, *Rotary's Twoscore and Two*. The unprecedented eager care he bestowed upon it can be explained only by a premonition, which he did not voice, that this was to be his valedictory to Rotary. Certain facts must be set forth clearly, certain thoughts must be expressed—while there was yet time.

AN INCIDENT

which reveals how Paul's personality blended whimsey with wisdom and realism with a great faith was told at the funeral services. The speaker was Paul's pastor, the Reverend Hugh S. MacKenzie:

Paul Harris would have been 79 in the month of April had he been spared, but his friends had noticed for several years past how his strength was failing, and he was no less conscious of it than those who knew him and constantly saw him. On one of the occasions recently—only a matter of days ago—when I was with him, he repeated to me a story which had been often told concerning John Quincy Adams, who, when he was 80 years of age and a friend met him in Boston, greeted him and said, "How is John Quincy Adams today?"

"Very well, thank you!" was the ex-President's reply. "John Quincy

Adams himself is quite well, I thank you, but the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its walls are much shadowed. It trembles with every wind. It is becoming almost uninhabitable now. I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon, but he himself is quite well, quite well."

ANECDOTES ABOUT PAUL will be told for years to come. It is inevitable that a man so widely and so affectionately known should someday become somewhat of a mythical figure. And here's a prophecy: Above all his other virtues, Paul will be remembered for quiet modesty.

Learned institutions and Governments bestowed upon him honors that would have turned the head of lesser men. If Paul took pride in his diplomas and his medals, it was the pride of the boy who brought to the plain home of his New England grandparents the trophies of adventures in near-by hills.

Grateful for the Rotary he gave them, friends showered Paul with gifts wherever he went. As "a token of affection," Australian Rotarians presented him with a huge desk of rare, polished, native woods. You'll find it in the room at Rotary headquarters, where Paul used to sit and write and dream as he looked out on the Chicago River. Here souvenirs abound. The walls are spaced closely with framed photographs—tree-planting ceremonies from Stockholm to Santiago, famous heads of nations, the poet John Muir, the Negro scientist George Washington Carver, and scores of known and unknown Rotarians. Significantly, the largest portraits are of Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's first and long-time Secretary, and of Abraham Lincoln.

LIKE LINCOLN

whom he revered, Paul had the

gift of humor. "He could shift from the serious to the simple without touching his clutch," one friend remarked. Undoubtedly, it was this quality more than any other that enabled him to carry so lightly yet esteem so highly the tribute of friends.

Paul must have been born with a spark in his eye. To this day, lore in Wallingford, Vermont, has it that as a lad who upon occasion dutifully went to bed early, he more than once eluded his sleeping grandparents to slip out a window for a sleigh ride. Confronted by such apocrypha with "There's the window to prove it!" Paul grinned widely and did not deny.

His love for prankish fun sparked Rotary Club No. 1 in its earliest days. Surviving members of the 1905'ers agreed unanimously on that a few years ago when they reunited at his home. Gay week-ends at Lake Paw Paw in Michigan were recalled with gusto. And when, some months later, a question arose as to whether an old Paw Paw snapshot of Paul emerging before breakfast from a window—he was attired in long underwear of that day—should be used in *THE ROTARIAN*, it was Paul who quashed all arguments.

"Maybe it isn't dignified," he conceded, "but use it, for it's a true record of fun we had. And why not fun in Rotary? I don't like meetings run like a funeral."

PAUL'S HUMAN QUALITIES,

no less than his idealism, have given substance to Rotary. Callow sophisticates of the post-World War I period just did not understand. In their mental measure was no place for pleasant living and high thinking. But their vogue is past, and social historians are now beginning to accord to them their proper place. And likewise to Rotary. This from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* is typical of press comment following Paul's passing:

Rotary has long been a force. . . . In the smart-alecky 1920s it was lampooned by some of our leading writers and—pseudo-intellectual magazines. . . . But it withstood all assaults and remains today as one of the most active and honored organizations in the whole world.

—your Editor

